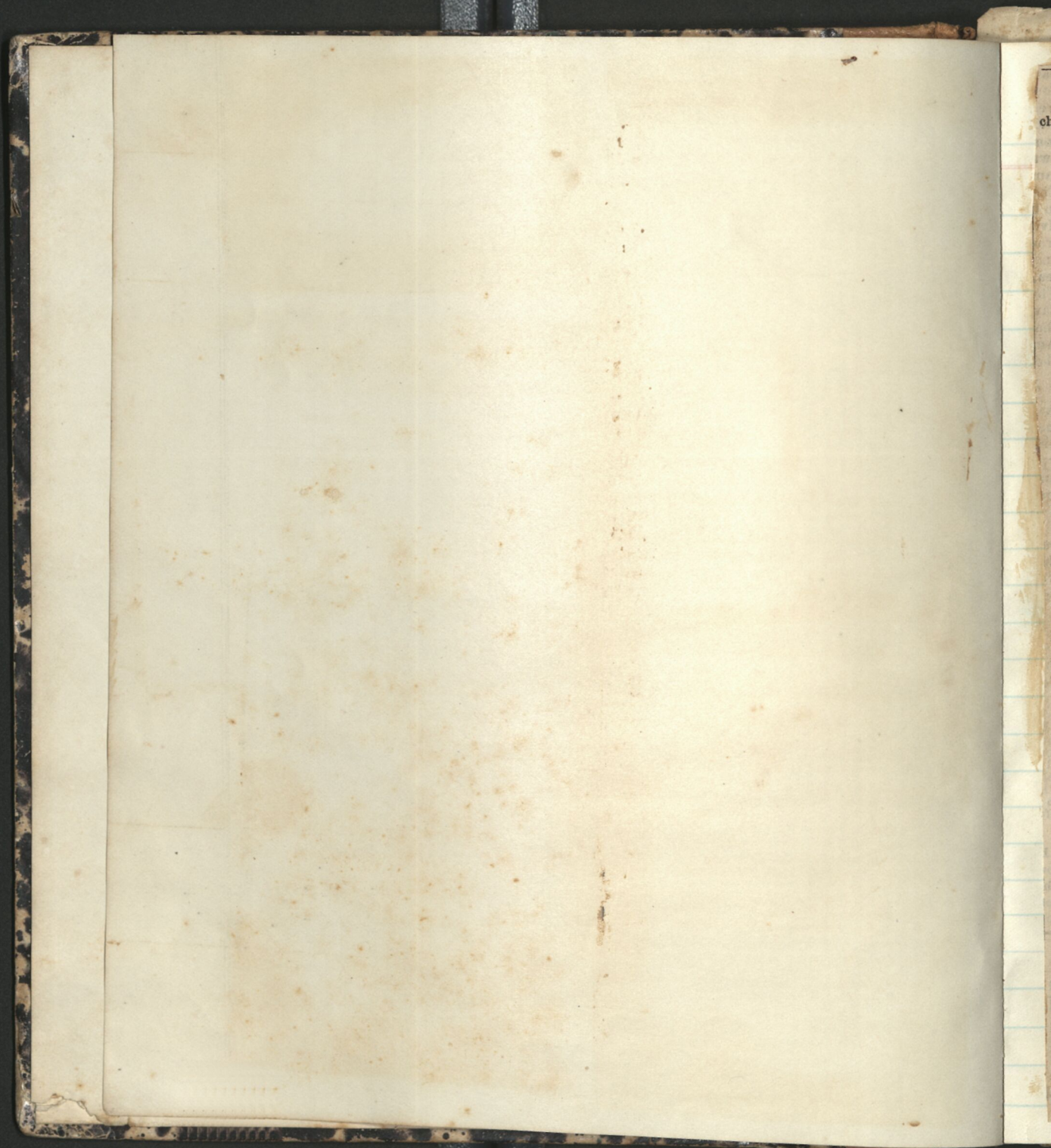


Edw Marshall

February, 28-1872-

June 12- 1874



A New Poem by Whittier.

From the *Atlantic Monthly* we copy the following charming poem by Whittier:

THE FRIEND'S BURIAL.

My thoughts are all in yonder town,
Where, wept by many tears,
To-day my mother's friend lays down
The burden of her years.

True as in life, no poor disguise
Of death with her is seen,
And on her simple casket lies
No wreath of bloom and green.

O not for her the florist's art,
The mocking weeds of woe,
But blessings of the voiceless heart,
The love that passeth show!

Yet all about the softening air
Of new-born sweetness tells,
And the ungathered May-flowers wear
The tints of ocean shells.

The old, assuring miracle
Is fresh as heretofore;
And earth takes up its parable
Of life from death once more.

Here organ swell and church-bell toll
Methinks but discord were,
The prayerful silence of the soul
Is best befitting her.

No sound should break the quietude
Alike of earth and sky;
O wandering wind in Seabrook wood,
Breathe but a half-heard sigh!

Sing softly, spring-bird, for her sake.
And thou not distant sea,
Lapse lightly as if Jesus spake,
And thou wert Galilee!

For all her quiet life flowed on
As meadow streamlets flow,
Where fresher green reveals alone
The noiseless ways they go.

From her loved place of prayer I see
The plain-robed mourners pass,
With slow feet treading reverently
The graveyard's springing grass.

Make room, O mourning ones, for me,
Where, like the friends of Paul,
That you no more her face shall see
You sorrow most of all.

Her path shall brighten more and more
Unto the perfect day;
She cannot fail of peace who bore
Such peace with her away.

O sweet, calm face that seemed to wear
The look of sins forgiven!
O voice of prayer that seemed to bear
Our own needs up to heaven.

How reverent in our midst she stood,
Or knelt in grateful praise!
What grace of Christian womanhood
Was in her household ways!

For still her holy living meant
No duty left undone;
The heavenly and the human blent
Their kindred loves in one.

And if her life small leisure found
For feasting ear and eye,
And pleasure, on her daily round,
She passed unpausing by;

Yet with her went a secret sense
Of all things sweet and fair,
And beauty's gracious providence
Refreshed her unaware.

She kept her line of rectitude
With love's unconscious ease;
Her kindly instincts understood
All gentle courtesies.

An inborn charm of graciousness
Made sweet her smile and tone,
And glorified her farm-wife dress
With beauty not its own.

The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble human souls;
The Gospel of a life like hers
Is more than books or scrolls.

From scheme and creed the light goes out,
The saintly fact survives:
The blessed Master none can doubt
Revealed in holy lives.

REWARD.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Who, looking backward from his man-
hoods prime,
Sees not the spectre of misspent time?
And, through the shade
Of funeral cypress planted thick behind,
Hears no reproachful whisper on the wind
From his loved dead?

Who bears no trace of passion's evil force?
Who shuns thy sting, O terrible remorse?
Who does not cast
On the thronged pages of memory's book,
At times, a sad and half-reluctant look,
Regretful of the Past?

Alas! the evil which we fain would shun
We do, and leave the wished-for good un-
done;

Our strength to-day
Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to fail;
Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all
Are we alway.

Yet, who thus looking backward o'er his
years,
Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful
tears,

If he hath been
Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,
To cheer and aid, in some ennobling cause,
His fellow-men?

If he had hidden the outcast, or let in
A ray of sunshine in the cell of sin—

If he hath lent
Strength to the weak, and, in an hour of
need,
Over the suffering, mindless of his creed,
Or home, hath bent,

He has not lived in vain, and while he
gives
The praise to Him in whom he moves and
lives.

With thankful heart;
He gazes backward, and with hope before,
Knowing that from his works he never-
more
Can henceforth part.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Within the sober realms of leafless trees
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brawn and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills,
O'er the dun waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed further, and the stream sang low;
As in a dream the distant woodman heaved
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed with gold,
Their banners bright with many a martial hue,
Now stood like some sad, beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in time's remotest blue.

On sombre wings the vulture tried its flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint,
And like a star slow drowning in the light
The village church-vane seemed to pale and taint.

The sentinel cock upon the hill side crew—
Crew thrice—and all was stiller than before;
Silent, till some replying warbler blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay within the elm's tall crest
Made arrulous trouble round her unfledged young,
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a ceuser swung;

Where swung the noisy martins of the eaves,
The busy swallow circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and plenteous year;

Where every bird that waked the vernal feast
Shook the sweet lumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reapers of the rosy nest;
All now was sunless, empty and forelorn.

Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreary gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo in the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, or bloom upon the flowers;
The spiders moved their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by, passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most dreary air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
Firing the floor with its inverted torch;

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyous mien
Sat like a fate and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow. He had walked with her,
Cft supped, and stroke with her the ashen crust;
And on the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his thick mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned, and she gave her all;
And twice war bowed to her his sable plume—
Re-gave the sword to rust upon the wall.

Re-gave the sword, but not the band that drew,
And struck for liberty the dying blow;
Nor him who to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long but not loud, the droning wheel went on
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tone.

At last the thread was snapped, her head was bowed,
Life dropped the distaff through her hands serene;
And loving neighbors soothed her careful shroud,
While death and winter closed the autumn scene.

WINTER.

Thou dark-robed man with solemn pace,
And mantle muffled round thy face,
Like the dim vision seen by Saul,
Upraised by spells from Death's dark hall:
Thou sad small man—face thin and old,
Teeth set, and nose pinched blue with cold,
Ne'er mind! Thy coat, so long and black,
And fitting round thee all so slack,
Has glorious spangles, and its stars
Are like a conqueror's fresh from wars,
Who wore it in Time's awful loom,
With woof of glory, warp of gloom?
Jove's planet glitters on thy breast,
The morning star adorns thy crest,
The waxing or the waning moon
Clings to thy turban, late or soon:
Orion's belt is thine, thy thigh
His jewelled sword hangs brightly by:
The Pleiades seven, the gipsy's star,
Shine as thy shoulder-knots afar;
And the great Dog-star, bright, unknown,
Blazes beside thee like a throne.
Take heart! thy coat so long and black,
Sore-worn, and fitting round thee slack,
Is brooded by the Northern Lights,
Those silver arrows shot by sprites—
Is powdered by the Milky Way,
With awful pearls unknown to day,
Which well make up for all the hues
Proud Summer, bridegroom-like, may use.

Proud Summer with his roses' sheen,
And dress of scarlet, blue, and green,
Floods us with such a sea of light,
We miss the faint far isles of night,
And thoughtless dance, while he with lute
Reguiles us, or assists to fruit;
But, like a shade from spirit-land,
Dim Winter beckons with his hand—
He beckons; all things darker grow,
Save white-churned waves and wreathing snow:
We pause; a chill creeps through our veins;
We dare not thank him for his pains;
We fear to follow, and we creep
To candle-light, to cards, to sleep.

Yet, when we follow him, how deep
The secret he has got to keep!
How wonderful! how passing grand!
For peering through his storms there stand
The eternal cities of the sky,
With stars like street-lamps hung on high—
No angel yet can sum their worth,
Though angels sang when they had birth,
—Chambers's Journal.

DAWN.

There is a solemn stillness in the air;
The moon attended by a single star
Shines high in placid ether; eastward far
Along the horizon's edge, there is a glare
Of orange brilliance, and above it far
And paly blue the sky, without a bar
Of streaky cloud the pure expanse to mar.
Is tintured with the coming splendor.—There!
The fulgent head springs, and a million rays
Dazzle; my study-room is charmed with light,
A golden picture of its window plays
On the green book-case, and a shadowy wight
Behind me sits, and, as I turn to gaze,
Mocks all my motions like an elish sprite.
—Chambers's Journal.

OUR OWN."

If I had known in the morning,
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone,
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning,
That never come home at night!
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

X We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best. X
Ah! tips with the curve impatient;
Ah! brow with that look of scorn;
'Twere a cruel fate,
Were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.

THOUGHTS.

"The sun set in a sea of brilliant hues,
Crimson, and gold and azure; one by one
I saw the colors blend and interfuse,
And follow down the pathway of the sun.
I almost wished with them to fade away
Over the distant edge, and die as they."

Thus spake my friend half lightly; but my heart
Shrank, trembling at the words with sudden dread.
"And when the time shall come for us to part,
Must each go on his way alone?" I said;
"And in that unknown country shall we meet,
Or seek each other with unresting feet?"

Shall we love there, as here—what thinkest thou?"
He answered slowly with a thoughtful face:
"If from my nature could be taken now
All memories, passions, hopes, the love and grace
Which is of thee, and maketh up the whole,
'Twould leave the merest shadow of a soul;

But if our lives begin anew, 'twill be
As if we ne'er had lived." With blanched cheek
I answered, "Say not that, it trigheth me."
"Why," said he, smiling, "How art thou so weak?
What fear or wonder? Let us live our best,
And to our Father's goodness leave the rest."
—All the Year Round.

[Written for the Cincinnati Times.]

LIFE'S WEAVING.

BY H. H. KEITHLEY.

Throwing the shuttle out and in
Up through the chain so sprightly,
Checking the cloth with good and sin,
And the smiles of youth all brightly,
We sit at the loom of Time and weave
A cloth of the days we're living;
And o'er our work we idly grieve
For the silver threads we're giving.

Each day as we throw the colors thro'
With the tears—in silence grieving,
We shade the flowers from frost and dew
In the living cloth we're weaving,
For the Master stands o'er the little loom,
With his scepter broad and golden,
And bids us weave in the light and gloom
Ere the thread grows rough and olden.

Here are the flowers o'er which we tread,
With all of their colors faded;
And there is the curl from a little head,
That the grave long years has shaded;
And—here is the track of a little shoe,
Which tottered in its going;
There the brooklet we waded through
O'er its mossy banks are flowing.

Here is a circle made of gold
That glitters up through the lining;
And there are some flowers, covered with
mold,
Through the other trinkets twining.
But the fairest gems I hide away,
I dare not, will not, show them,
For fear they may fade, as the coming day,
And I never again will know them.

To-day drop a tear for the early dead,
To-morrow a prayer for the sinner,
And a beautiful light o'er each one shed,
With a prayer that each may be winner.
A mystical thread is life's thread to me,
The cloth we weave past divining;
But when we are thro', oh, may it e'er be
A cloth with a silver lining.
LITCHFIELD, ILL., February 10, 1871.

Soon golden, autumn days will come,
Of fruit and harvest time,
But none will wear the blushing grace
Of this sweet summer prime.
No coming triumphs can with these
Rich hours of promise cope;
Fruition ever fails to give
The blessedness of hope.

BY FLORENCE

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean;
Tears from the depths of some divine despair,
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more."

[From the Independent.]

SANTA MARINA.

BY H. H.

Santa Marina! Saint of saints, thy name
On reverent lips I hesitating take,
Thy life's heroic tale I fear, yet long,
To tell. The world to-day recalls thee not.
At thy sweet pictured face on altars old
Men idly glance, and recollect not why
Thou wert called saint. Santa Marina hear!
And if my words seem poor and cold, forgive
Them for the love which I have borne to thee.

In those old days when hearts of men were moved
To tear themselves from love and joy, and seek
In lonely deserts and by fasts and stripes
The thing they called salvation of their souls,
Marina's father, leaving wife and home,
Betook him to a hermit's life and vowed
Himself to God—the grieving God who would
Not, ever, that men thus should die to joy,
Who sorrows as a father when he sees
His children by such needless stony paths
Striving to reach his feet.

One thing the heart
Of this poor hermit could not learn to live
Without. No scourgings and no fastings slew
His rest-less yearnings for his daughter's face.
At last he bore her to the wilderness,
And, clothing her in man's apparel, called
Her name Marinus, clinging to the old
Sweet name her infancy had known.

The maid
Grew up content, so great the love she bore
Her father; but the father's joy was reaped
In bitterness, as they must reap who sow
Deceit. Long vigils, bloody scourging told
His secret consciousness of crime, and yet
His purpose faltered not; and when the child
Was woman grown he bade her swear to him
Such oath her cheek grew pale but to recall
His words—that she would not in life reveal
Her sex. Unwitting what her oath might bring
To her, the maid lived on. Her virgin blood
Ran cool. Before the Lord she daily knelt
In sacrifice whose cost she could not know.
No face of man, no voice of little child
To stir her veins came to the desert home.
And, seeing her so saintlike and content,
Her father's heart perchance could teach itself
To count her lot not sorrowful; to hold
Its gain of Heaven worth its loss of earth—
So much did men misread the heart of God
In those old days.

Swift years sped on. The home
Marina and her father found had grown
To be a monastery, rich and large.
Highest among the brethren in esteem
Were held the gray-haired father and his son,
Who first had made the desert ring with praise
Of God. And when the gray-haired father died
The Abbot said: "Marinus is my son
Hereditary. Fear not!" The dying eyes looked wild,
Remorseful, and the dying lips in vain
Seemed striving after words. Too late! too late!
In solitary cell the virgin wept
And called on Mary's tender mother heart,
Then rose and with calm outward face went forth,
"Brother Marinus," to her daily tasks,
Brother Marinus, loved of all, and yet
Held in mysterious reverence, as one
Who lived apart, more even than the woe
Of holy monks.

Each week a heavy wain
Across the desert to the Red Sea shores
The convent sent for food. Marina chose
This duty as her own. With head bowed low
And steady, tireless feet she walked beside
The patient oxen through the burning sands.
All speechless to and fro and to and fro
She went, her heart with bitter loneliness
Sore wrung, yet finding in the air, the sky,
The very silence of the shadeless plains
Companionship and solace.

By the sea
There dwelt a trader, in whose house she slept
Of times. Phœnician trader, crafty man
And vile, who had a daughter like himself.
The two oft jeered the simple desert monk,
Who moved mid all their revelry and jest
As he were deaf and mute; who told his beads
Devoutly in the market-place, while men
False weights were weighing out to him and goods
Of little worth.

Ere long it came to pass
This lewd Phœnician found herself with child,
She having shameless led a shameful life.
Then, swift bethinking her how she might turn
Her shame to best account, Marinus' face,
So gentle, simple, pure, flashed on her thought,
And quick her wicked heart its plot devised.

Bearing her child in arms, she stood one day
Before the monastery gate and prayed
To see the Abbot. Then, with feigned tears
Of woe, she cried:

"O Holy Father, grant
That he who brought me to this wretched pass
Of shame and poverty should make amends,
At least in gold, to feed the child with bread.
No longer now my father gives me house,
Footstool and starving, I come here to find
The man who is the father of my child.
Brother Marinus is his name. He comes
Each week to lodge with us, and, woe is me,
I knew he was a monk, yet could I not
Gainsay his love!" And like heart-broken one
The harlot hung her head and wept.

Then strode
The Abbot fiercely to the hall where knelt
The monks at prayer, and called aloud, in tone
Of angry scorn:

"Marinus, whom I loved
As son, stand forth, and answer what this means!
Is this thy son the beggar woman bears?"
In slow bewilderment Marina raised
Her eyes, and saw the bold Phœnician's smile
Of guilty triumph. Swift as lightning came
The memory of her oath. No proof unless
That oath were broken could Marina give
That the base woman lied.

Her head sank low
And lower on her breast, and, though her brow
Flushed red, no word she spake.

Great horror spread
On every face and stifled shudders filled
The hall. The Abbot's countenance grew dark,
"Thou base and shameless fellow, hast thou then
No word to speak? A stripling and so vile!
God's curse be on thee, that thou hast disgraced
Our order and betrayed our trust! Go forth!
An outcast thou and excommunicate
From this day till thy death! Go forth!"

Then scourge
In hand, the Abbot drove Marina out,
Fast afar, cloister, through the convent gate,
Raining the bitter blows on neck and head
And face, till blood ran down and stained her robes.
No word Marina spoke; her head still bowed
Upon her breast, in silence meek she went
Beneath the scourge, while groans and curses low
From all the brethren followed.

Then red gold
The Abbot measured in the woman's hands,
A goodly sum, and said:

"Begone! I ween
Thou art an evil woman, else this sin
Hath not our brother conquered. Get thee gone!"
And tears were in the Abbot's angry eyes,
For he had loved Marina as his son.
The harlot turned, and as she crossed the gate
She threw the infant to Marina's arms,
With mocking laugh, that might have told each heart
Which heard it all her wickedness.
One look Marina lifted to her face,
Clasped tight the infant to her breast, and said:
"I take it." Loud and mockingly again
The harlot laughed, and tossed the bright gold high,
Catching and tossing it with dexterous sleight,
As swift she walked, and looked not back to see
Her child.

Outside the convent gate those two—
Marina and the harlot's infant—lived.
In piteous silence, pointing to the child,
Marina begged by signs for food. No heart
Refused the mute appeal; there was no heart
But melted at the sight.

The babe thrived well,
Despite the cold, the hunger and the lack
Of all which nurtured babes require. Its head
Lay night and day upon Marina's breast,
And oftentimes who passed heard sweet low tones,
Even such tones as happy mothers use,
Caressing babes; and men said, wondering,
"Strange marvel this! How comes it that this man,
A monk, can rear a babe so tenderly?"
Santa Marina! In thy virgin breast
The thrill of motherhood, repressed, denied,
Tirred warmly at the helpless, clinging touch
Of baby hands. Through all the bitterness
Of thy unfriended, outcast lot this bliss
Remained.

But scorn can kill the bravest heart
In woman's breast. Meekly Marina bore
For months its weight. To insults, jeers, she made
No answer; save to lift her eyes and look
Steadfastly in the face of him who spoke,
And then with gesture, pointing to the babe,
To beg for food. But day by day she changed.
Her patient face grew white and thin. Her strength
Grew less and less, until she could scarce lift
The child. Leaning against the convent wall,
At last she sat by night and day, too weak
To move. She knew the brethren would not see
The infant starve.

One morning, when the gate
Was opened, she was found asleep, they thought.
The sun was rising, and across her face
A red beam flickered like a rosy smile.
The child slept, too; but at the clanging gate
Awoke, and in its terror cried aloud.
Marina stirred not. Then in sudden fear
The monks grew closer and beheld her dead!
"Brother Marinus at the gate lies dead!"
Through cell and cloister ran the cry.

Then quick
In all their hearts, even those which most had scorned,
Came softened thoughts and memories of the days
Before Marinus sinned. Silent and sad,
To give the body decent burial,
Two brothers went. Into the cloister yard
They bore it. Loud the infant laughed and crowed,
Seeing the fountain sparkle in the sun.
With strangely tender hands the monks removed
The tattered robes. One glance! And on their knees,
With piercing cries which made the cloister ring
They fell. From cell, from chapel ran the monks
In terror, and the Abbot, striding stern,
To ask what meant such clamor. On the stones,
With faces buried in their hands, low knelt
The brethren round Marina's body fair.
And white. Still loudly laughed and crowed the babe,
Seeing the fountain sparkle in the sun.
No man could lift his head. No man could speak.
Not one but would have loved his wife, his child;
Not one but for Marina could have died
That hour! Too late!

Fragrant the frankincense
Floated and filled the chapel's shadowy aisles
That night, and brightly round the snowy pall
Beneath which lay Marina's body fair
And still burned lofty tapers. Tender chants
And masses on the midnight air rose slow
And sweet, and on the chapel pavement knelt
The Abbot, weeping, smiling on his breast,
For he had loved Marina as his child.

Santa Marina! Sainted then, as now,
By loving tears more than by church decrees.
In hearts of mothers shrined to-day more fair
Than in the fairest pictures which are set
With jewels on old altar fronts where men
Kneel down to pray! Santa Marina! fair
In Heaven, among God's dearest angels thou
Must be the one to whose sweet arms are borne
All outcast babes that die for lack of love.
Santa Marina! virgin mother still,
To whom the bliss of earthly motherhood
Came not, eternal motherhood is thine!

NO RING.

BY ALICE CARY.

What is it that both spoil the fair adorning
With which her body she would dignify,
When from her bed she rises in the morning
To comb, and plait, and tie
Her hair with ribbons colored like the sky?

What is it that her pleasure discomposes
When she would sit and sing the sun away—
Making her see dead roses in red roses,
And in the dewfall gray
A blight that seems the world to overlay?

What is it makes the trembling look of trouble
About her tender mouth and eyelids fair?
Ah me, ah me! she feels her heart beat double,
Without the mother's prayer,
And her wild fears are more than she can bear.

To the poor sightless lark new powers are given,
Not only with a golden-tongue to sing,
But still to make her wavering way toward heaven
With undiscerning wing;
But what to her doth her sick sorrow bring?

Her days she turns, and yet keeps overturning,
And her flesh shrinks, as if she felt the rod;
For, 'gainst her will, she thinks hard things concerning
The everlasting God,
And longs to be incensate, like the clod.

Sweet heaven, be pitiful! rain down upon her
The saintly charities ordained for souls—
She was so poor in everything but honor,
And she loved much—loved much!
Would, Lord, she had Thy garment's hem to touch.

Haply, it was the hungry heart within her,
The woman's heart, denied its natural right,
That made her be the thing men call a sinner,
Even in her own despite.
Lord, that her judges might receive their sight!

—From the Atlantic Monthly for April.

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[For the Traveller.]

BEFORE THE SALE.

Down from the heavens the pitiful snow
Wrapped in its mantle the old chateau;
Blotting the hateful prints of feet,
With their tell-tale line to the vulgar street;
Girding the pillars and topping the wall,
Blocking the steps to the entrance hall;
Veiling the windows from curious gaze,
Folding the chimneys in loving embrace,
Clinging in sheets to the sombre tiles,
Ledge and balcony crowding in piles;
As it to deaden all gossip and din,
And leave the old house to its dreams again.

Was it a breath through the casement came?
Was it a branch swept the window-pane?
Something between a sigh and a groan,
In fitful cadence made thus its moan:

"Once more alone with my hopes and fears,
I call the roll of the vanished years;
And what have they brought but care and gloom,
This lonely state and this gilded tomb?
For what to me are tapestried halls,
These flashing mirrors and pictured walls?—
Cupids disporting in wanton mirth,
And Love and his triumphs are little worth
To one who feels the shadows crawl
Over empty hearth and silent wall.

"Better the homeliest ingle-side,
Where the fire-light falls on some happy bride;—
Better the poorest cot in the land,
Where love and labor go hand in hand;
Where the sunshine falls on a toy-strewn floor,
And children laugh by the open door.
Service I hold for banquets of kings,
But never a cheerful tea-bell rings;—
There are costly dials at every turn,
They speed not the hour to some blest return.
No lights on the jewelled consoles blaze,
No dewy blossoms bedeck the vase.

"Sometimes my heart takes a quicker beat
At a sound like the patter of children's feet;
'Twas only a woodpecker tapping the trees,
Or a shutter swung by the lawless breeze.
In my curtained chambers no cradle-swings,
No gentle mother her lullaby sings;
Over eatin and damask of couch and chair
The spider spineth a web more fair.

"If distant and cold as the throng in poured,
It was not as the miser guarding his hoard,
But in shame and grief at my measure of loss,
Humanity bartered for baubles and dross!
Come pitiless rain, and South wind blow!
Dismantle me now of my robes of snow;
Unbar the shutters, undo the gate,
Gaze all at will on my uncrowned state;
Broad scatter these trophies of foreign spoil,
They feel the shock of the parent soil;
The Queen of Cities sits desolate,
It is meet that her children should share her fate!"

BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

BY MAJOR WILLIAM A. H. SIGOURNEY,
Author of "Beautiful Snow."

Beautiful child by thy mother's knee,
In the mystic future what wilt thou be?
A demon of sin, or an angel sublime—
A poison Upas or innocent Thyme—
A spirit of evil, flashing down
With the lurid light of hery crown—
Or gliding up with a shining track,
Like the morning star that ne'er looks back.
Daintiest dreamer that ever smiled,
Which wilt thou be, my beautiful child?

Beautiful child in my garden bowers,
Friend of the butterflies, birds and flowers,
Pure as the sparkling, crystalline stream,
Jewels of truth in thy fairy eyes beam,
Was there ever a whiter soul than thine
Worshipped by Love in a mortal shrine?
My heart thou hast gladdened for two sweet years
With rainbows of Hope through mists of tears—
Mists beyond which thy sunny smile
With its halo of glory beams all the while.

Beautiful child, to thy look is given
A gleam serene, not of earth, but of heaven.
With thy tell-tale eyes and prattling tongue,
Wouldst thou couldst ever thus be young.
Like the liquid strain of the mocking-bird,
From stair to hall thy voice is heard.
How oft in the garden nooks thou'rt found
With flowers thy curly head around!
And kneeling beside me with figure so quaint,
Oh! who would not dote on my infant saint?

Beautiful child, what thy fate shall be
Perchance is wisely hidden from me.
A fallen star thou mayst leave my side,
And of sorrow and shame become the bride—
Shivering, quivering through the cold street,
With a curse behind and before thy feet—
Ashamed to live, and afraid to die;
No home, no friend, and a pitiless sky.
Merciful Father, my brain grows wild,
Oh, keep from evil, my beautiful child!

Beautiful child, mayst thou soar above,
A warbling cherub of joy and love,
A drop on Eternity's mighty sea,
A blossom on Life's immortal tree—
Floating, flowering evermore
In the blessed light of the golden shore;
And as I gaze on thy sinless bloom
And thy radiant face, they dispel my gloom—
I feel He will keep thee undefiled,
And His love will protect my beautiful child.
—Harper's Magazine for April.

THE OLD STORY.

When visions of her face come o'er me,
Of her sweet face so far away,
I say what lovers have said before me,
What lovers will forever say:
That flowers bloom sweeter for her being,
That birds sing sweeter for her seeing,
That grass is greener, skies more blue,
That all things take a richer hue.

Lovers have said these things before;
Lovers will say them evermore.

Oh, sweet young love, that in all ages
Beats ever on eternal form!
With lasting youth your oldest pages
Glow ever, ever fresh and warm.

Oh, dear old story, ever young,
Poets have painted, artists sung:
Sure, naught in life is half so sweet;
Death cannot make you incomplete.

Lovers have said these things before;
Lovers will say them evermore.

DECORATION DAY.

BY H. H.

The Eastern wizards do a wondrous thing,
Which travelers, having seen, scarce dare to tell;
Dropping a seed in earth, by subtle spell
Of hidden heat they force the germ to spring
To instant life and growth; no faltering
"Twixt leaf and flower and fruit; they rise and
swell

To perfect shape and size, as if there fell
Upon them all which seasons hold and bring.
But Love far greater magic shows to-day:
Lifting its feeble hands, which can but reach
The hands breadth up, it stretches all the way
From earth to heaven, and, triumphant, each
Sweet, wilting blossom sets, before it dies,
Full in the sight of smiling angels' eyes.
But ah! the graves which no man names or knows;
Uncounted graves, which never can be found;
Graves of the precious "missing," where no sound
Of tender weeping will be heard, where goes
No loving step of kindred. Oh, how flows
And yearns our thought to them! More holy
ground
Of graves than this, we say, is that whose bound
Is secret till eternity disclose
Its sign.

But Nature knows her wilderness;
There are no "missing" in her numbered ways,
In her great heart is no forgetfulness.
Each grave she keeps she will adorn, caress.
We cannot lay such wreaths as summer lays,
And all her days are Decoration Days.
—Wood's Household Magazine.

FOUND.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

In dreams, long years ago, I saw a face—
A woman's—noble, sweet, and fair,
That shone upon me from some happy place,
And bade me seek her there.

So forth I went, and traversed many ways,
Peopled with fair, and rich, and young,
And sometimes paused to wonder or to gaze,
But found not her among.

Yet once we met: blithe was my heart, I ween,
Deeming attained the goal I sought;
But ah! the world's cold shadow grew between,
And still I found her not.

She died; I sought her grave with solemn cheer;
Thinking to lighten my despair.
I found a form of clay, within a bier,
But her—I found not there!

What more? The flesh decays; but in my heart
She lives as ever, fresh and fair.
O God, who mad'st us, she is where Thou art.
And I shall find her—there!

Appletons' Journal.

THE ROSE AND THE FAIRY.

An Oriental Tale.

A tiny Fairy—of the sort
Who love in flowery fields to sport,
One dewy eve espied a *Rose*
So fair and fragrant, straight he goes
And nestles in her bosom; dips
Deep in her leaves his elixir lips,
And sucks the virgin honey thence;
Regaling thus his dainty sense
Of taste and odor rare, until
The Sybarite has drunk his fill!
"Sweet blossom!" sighed the grateful Fay,
"Thy bounty I would fain repay.
The fairest flowers that deck the field
Or garden, all to thee must yield
In loveliness; but that the Queen
Among her subjects may be seen
Even in the dark and envious night,
(That hides thy beauty from the sight)
This little *Lantern* shall be thine
To show, at night, thy form divine!"
With modest thanks the *Rose* receives
The *Glow-worm's* light upon the leaves,
Then turns to list a thrilling lay
That witcheth her maiden heart away!
For *Philomela* filled the grove
Just then, with such a song of love
For "*Rosa*, fairest of the fair,"
The maid was won, ere half aware
The singer, while he bent to bless
The trembler with a soft caress,
Had snatched her lamp—the rogue! and gone
And left her in the dark—alone!

L'ENVOI.

The *Glow-worm* lantern (we are told
By wise expositors) is *gold*;
Which serves to set in fairest light
The charms that else were lost to sight;
Moreover, it is plain to see
The cunning *Nightingale* is he,
The smooth-tongued knave, whose wicked art
For lucre cheats the loving heart,
That, like poor *Rose*, is doomed to prove
How *Craft* may feign the voice of *Love*!

—N. Y. Ledger.

JOHN G. Saxe.

THE SONG OF A SUMMER.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

I plucked an apple from off a tree,
Golden and rosy, and fair to see—
The sunshine had fed it with warmth and light—
The dews had freshened it night by night,
And high on the topmost bough it grew,
Where the winds of heaven about it blew,
And while the mornings were soft and young
The wild birds circled, and soared, and sung—
There, in the storm, and calm, and shine,
It ripened and brightened, this apple of mine,
Till the day I plucked it from off the tree,
Golden, and rosy, and fair to see.

How could I guess, "neath that daintiest rind,
That the core of sweetness I hoped to find—
The innermost, hidden heart of the bliss
Which dews and winds and the sunshine's kiss
Had tended and fostered by day and night—
Was black with mildew and bitter with blight:
Golden and rosy, and fair of skin,
Nothing but ashes and ruin within?
Ah! never again with toil and pain
Will I strive the topmost bough to gain—
Though its wind-swung apples are fair to see,
On a lower branch is the fruit for me.

—Scribner's for August.

[From the Independent.]

THE STORY OF BOON.

BY H. H.

[The story of Boon is strictly true. It is told by Mrs. Leonowens, the English Governess at the Siamese Court, who took it down from Choy's own lips.]

In Siam's Court the Buddhist King
Held festival. Fair girls to sing
And dance and play were led between
Close ranks of Amazons in green
And gold. In chariot milk-white
Of ivory, and glittering bright
With flowers garlanded, rode Choy,
The young, the beautiful. With joy
And subtle pride no words could tell
Her virgin bosom rose and fell.
No dream the Siam maiden knew
More high or blest than that which grew
In Choy's poor blinded heart—to be
The favorite of the King, and see
The other wives beneath her feet.
From babyhood, that this was sweet
The child was taught. How should she know
They told her false and worked her woe?

The song, the dance, the play were done,
Choy's fatal triumph had been won.
The old king's bleared and lustful eyes
Had marked her for his next new prize.
Asking her name, as low she bowed
Before the throne, he called aloud:
"Which of my nobles springs to lead
Her chariot ponies? Do I need
Speak farther?"

On the instant two
Young nobles robed in white, sprang through
The crowd, and kneeling, as to queen,
With low-bent head and reverent mien,
They waited the chariot beside.
The bands burst forth in swelling tide
Of music, and the curtain fell.
One noble, smitten by the spell
Of Choy's great beauty, whispered: "God!
How beautiful thou art!"

"My Lord,
Have care," the scornful Choy exclaimed,
"I were ill for thee if thou wert blamed
By me."

The other noble silent gazed,
With eyes whose glance strange tumult raised
Within Choy's breast. He did not speak:
All spoken words had fallen weak,
After his look. Yet Choy's heart burned
To hear his voice. Sudden she turned,
And leaning forward, said: "How now,
What seest thou in air that thou
Art dumb?"

With trembling lips he spoke:
"Oh! Lady, till thy sweet voice broke
Upon the air I thought I saw
An angel; now, with no less awe
But greater joy, I see thou art
A woman."

Ah! they know not heart
Of man or woman who declare
That love needs time to love and dare.
His altars wait—not day nor name,
Only the touch of sacred flame.

The song, the dance, the play were done.
Oh! fatal triumph Choy had won!
Oh! hateful life she thought was sweet!
She knelt before the old king's feet,
A slave, a toy, a purchased thing,
Which to his worn-out sense might bring
Pleasure again of touch, of sight.
Doting, he named her "Chorm," "Delight,"
Decked her with jewels, gave her power,
And day and night, and hour by hour,
With hideous caresses sought
Joy in the thing which he had bought.
And hour by hour, and night and day,
Wasted poor Choy's young life away.
One thrilling voice, one glowing face,
One thought of such a love's embrace,
Haunted her thoughts and racked her breast,
Robbed her of peace, robbed her of rest,
Made of her life such living lie,
Such torture, she but prayed to die.

Months passed, and she knew not the name
Of him she loved. At last there came
The fated day. A woman slave,
New in the palace, quickly gave,
Answering Choy's artful questioning,
The noble's name.

"Ah! go and bring
Me news of him," said Choy. "He bore
Himself so loftily, I more
Recall him than all else that day.
Seek out minutely in what way
He lives; what may his harem hold.
He seemed to me so silent, cold,
No doubt some Houris keeps him chained,"
With scornful laugh, but poorly feigned,
Cried Choy.

At dusk of night returned
The slave, with wondrous tale, which burned
Itself on Choy's glad heart.

The Duke,
Phaya Phi Chitt his name, forsook
His harem on the day he led
The Favorite's chariot ponies. Dead
He seemed to all he once had loved:
No fear, no joy his spirit moved.
His friends believed that he was mad,
Or else some mortal illness had.
A feverish joy filled all Choy's thought;
She knew by what this change was wrought.
Love's keenest pain, if shared like this,
No longer seemed a pain, but bliss.
Again the faithful slave she sent,
With message of one word, which meant
But "I remember."

"I love much,"
The Duke sent back. Ah! madness such
As this was never seen. The halls
Of tyrants' palaces have walls
Higher than Love's and Hope's last breath,
Wider than Life, deeper than Death!

Embroidered with a thread of gold
On silk, and hidden fold on fold,
As if an amulet she wore,
Her lover's name the poor Choy bore
By night, by day, upon her heart.
The new slave woman, with an art
As tender as a sister's sought
To comfort her. Each day she brought
New message from the Duke, each night
Lay at her mistress's feet till light.

O Buddha! pitiful, divine,
All-seeing, why gav'st thou no sign
To warn these faithful, loving three,
Who were as faithful unto thee
As to each other? Did'st thou teach
The cruel tyrant how to reach
Their life-blood, that thy arm might save
Them by the surety of the grave?
Might give to their expiring breath
The gift of life, in shape of death?
Ah! Buddha! pitiful, divine,
Thy gifts of death record no sign
Of life beyond. Our weak hearts crave
Some voice of surety for the grave.

The hours grew ripe; the hour was set,
The night had come. Choy slumbered yet;
While faithful Boon, with footsteps light,
Made all things ready for their flight.
Sudden a clash of arms, a gleam
Of fire of torches! From her dream
Choy waked, and on her threshold saw—
Dread sight, which chilled her blood with awe—
Standing, with panting voice and breath,
Ma! Tale, Mother of Death,
Cruellest of all the Amazons,
Slayer of all convicted ones
Who braved the tyrant's wrath and hate.

Choy called on Boon. Too late! too late!
Boon fettered lay with gag and chain;
Most piteous eyes, faithful in pain,
Unto her mistress lifting still.
With blows and jeers wreaking their will,
The soldier women, fierce and strong,
Dragged weeping Choy and Boon along
The byways of the silent town,
And flung them, chained and helpless, down
Into a dark and loathsome cell.
Soon as their footsteps' echoes fell
Faintly afar, Choy whispered low:
"Oh! Boon, dear Boon! tell me hast thou
Confessed?"

"Dear Lady, no!" she cried.
"No tortures tyrants ever tried
Shall wring from me one word of blame
Against Phaya Phi Chitt's dear name."
That instant flashing through Choy's heart
Strange instinct swept.

"Tell me who art
Thou, Boon?" she said. "Why dost thou cling
To me though all this suffering?
All other women I have known
Had left me now to die alone.
O Boon, conceal from me no more!
Tell me the truth in this dread hour!"
Then, looking newly at her face,
She saw its beauty had and grace;
Saw that the feet were lithe and fine,
The hands were small and smooth; each sign
Of tender nurture and high blood
This loving woman bore, who stood
To her as slave. Unearthly sweet
Grew Boon's pale face, as to the feet
Of Choy, all crippled, chained, she crept,
And, as she strove to speak, but wept
And sobbed:

"O Lady dear, forgive
That I deceived thee! I but live
For thy dear Duke. I am his wife!"
Dumb wonder sealed Choy's lips. A strife
Of fierce mistrust warred in her breast.
At last, stern-faced: "Tell me the rest,"
She said.

Closer, more humbly still
Boon crept and said:

"Lady, I will,
And, by the heart of Buddha, thou
Can'st but forgive when thou dost know
The whole.

"The day my husband came
Home from the fête he spoke thy name
And told thy beauty unto me,
And said that from that moment he,
His thought, his heart, his blood were thine—
Thine utterly, and no more mine
Again. What could I do but weep?
I saw him pine. No food, no sleep
He took. I thought that he must die.
What could I do? O Lady, I
So loved him that I longed as he
That fate might give him joy and thee.

I vowed to him that I would win
Thee for his wife. How to begin
I knew not, when I found thou wert
The king's last favorite. It hurt
My pride to be a slave. The gold
Lies in the sea for which I sold
Myself to thee, rather than break
My vow. But easy for his sake,
I loved him so, thy service came,
Soon as I found that his dear name
Was dear to thee as thine to him;
That, when I spoke it, it could dim
Thine eyes with passion's tear, like those
Which he had shed in passion's throes
For want of thee. O Lady, none
Of all thy sighs and tear, not one,
But I have flown and faithful told,
That he might know thou wert not cold.
Each word of beauty, nobleness
Which thou didst speak I bore to bless
His heart with knowledge more complete
Of thee. O Lady, the deceit
Was only for his precious sake
And thine; no other way to take
I knew. My husband is so great,
So good, I was but humble mate
For him. As shadow follows shape,
My heart in life cannot escape
From following his; nor yet in death
Shall it be changed; with dying breath,
From Buddha I one joy will wrest,
That he find rapture in thy breast."
Boon ceased, and in her slender hands,
Which scarce could lift her fetter-hands,
Buried her face. Choy did not speak.
Her reverence knew not where to seek
For fitting words which she might dare
To use to Boon. The midnight air
Heard only sobs, as close between
Her arms she drew Boon's head to lean
Upon her breast. The long night waned,
And still in silence sat the chained
And helpless women. Strange thoughts filled
The heart of Choy. Her love seemed chilled,
Poor, and untrue, beside this one
Great deed she never could have done.
"Ah me! his wife has loved him best,"
In bitterness her heart confessed,
Yet jealousy for shame was dead.
Her tears fell loving on Boon's head.
"Dear Boon," she whispered soft and low:
"To Buddha pitiful we go."

II.

Next morning when the judges dread
Cross-questioned Boon, she simply said,
"My Lords, what can a poor slave know?"
Weary at last, the fearful blow
Of lashes on her naked feet
They ordered. Blood ran down the sweet,
Soft flesh. Still came the answer low,
"My Lords, what can a poor slave know?
Be pitiful!" The swift blows fell
Again. No cry, no sound, to tell
That it was pain, Boon gave; no sign
Of faltering. They poured down wine
To stay her strength, and then again—
Oh! surely fiends they were, not men—
Again, from slender neck to waist,
The cutting blows in angry haste
With tenfold violence they laid.
Each blow a line of red blood made;

Yet, when they paused, the answer came
Steadfast, heroic, in the same
Pathetic word, more feeble, slow:
"My Lords, what can a poor slave know?"
Then in the torture of the screw,
Whose pain has led strong men to do
Dishonor to their souls and God,
They bound this woman's hands. Sweat stood
In bloody drops along her brow;
Yet from her lips not even now
Was heard one syllable.

In rage,
The baffled tyrants to assuage
Her sufferings tried every art
Which could be tried by kindest heart,
And snatched her back from death again,
Again to tortures fresh. In vain!
Night came, and from her lips no word
Had fallen. All night they faintly stirred
As if in sleep she dreamed and spoke.
Choy, watching, weeping by her, took
Her hand, and said:

"Oh! tell thy Choy,
Art thou in mortal pain?"

"My joy
Is greater than my pain," she said,
"That this poor flesh hath not betrayed
My love. Thanking great Buddha now,
I pray unceasing, till we go
Again to torture." Then no more
Boon spoke. To Choy but little lower
Than angels she appeared. Ah! true
It was the wife loved best! Love knew
His own. His angels comforted
Her soul with joy through hours which bred
But anguish in Choy's breast.

Too soon
Came cruel day, and brought to Boon
Again the lash, the screw; again
Unto the door of death in vain
They tortured her. No word escaped
Her bloodless lips. Her face seemed shaped
Of iron, so calm, so resolute;
A superhuman light her mute
And upward gaze transfigured, till
In awe the torturers stood still.
Then, binding up her wounds, they laid
Her on a couch to rest. New shade
Of anguish now her face revealed,
Waiting Choy's words. All unconcealed,
No doubt, the weaker love lay bare
Before her instinct. It could dare
For self: now that for self remained
No hope, no future to be gained,
Could it for him be true, be great?
Ah! this true torture was—to wait
Another woman's courage! Eyes
Of fire Boon fixed on Choy. To rise
She helpless strove, in impulse vain,
As if by touch she could sustain
Choy's strength. Her gaze was like a cry.
"Oh! what is death, is suffering, by
The side of truth? If thou dost love
Another, thought of self can move
Thee not. If thou dost love, to bear
The worst is nothing. Dost thou dare
Betray, thou art a coward, liar!"
Entreated, warned Boon's eyes of fire.
They held Choy's eyes as by a spell.
Feeble the judges' stern tones fell,
Idle the threats of torture seemed,
Beside the scorching look which gleamed
Upon that woman's face.

Thus stayed
And stung, Choy bore the blows which laid
Her quivering flesh in furrows. Feet
And neck and shoulders, all the sweet,
Fair skin was torn; her blood ran down
As Boon's had run. Not of her own
Resolve, but born of Boon's the strength
Which silent sealed her lips. At length
The one sure pain which torturers know
They tried. No rack, no fire, no blow
Is dreadful as the screw. At first
Sharp turn it gave, a loud cry burst
From Choy:

"O Boon, forgive, forgive!
I cannot bear this pain and live!"
And, shrieking out her lover's name,
She cowered before Boon's eyes of flame
One cry of uttermost despair
From Boon rang out upon the air,
Her fettered arms above her head
She lifted and fell back as dead.
Ah! true it was, the wife loved best!
How true, that cry of Choy's confessed.
To love which she had so betrayed,
No prayer she for forgiveness made;
On him whom she had thought her life
She called not, but upon his wife.

Swift sped the feet of them who sought
The lover. Ere the noon, they brought
Him also. Boon, with anguished eyes,
Beheld him there. She could not rise,
But, creeping on her hands and feet,
She cried, in tones unearthly sweet:
"O Lords! O Judges! look at me
And listen. It was I, not he,
I am his wife. I laid the plot.
Except for me, the thought had not
Been his. 'Twas only I deceived
The Lady Choy. He but believed
What I desired. The guilt is mine,
All mine. Tell them it was not thine,
My husband. I can bear the whole."
And, as she turned to him, the soul
Of love ineffable set smile
Upon her face. Her piteous guile,
Transparent, thrilled each heart and ear
That heard her pleading voice. A tear
Fell from the sternest Amazon,
Fierce Khoon Thow App, as, in a tone
No mortal from her lips had heard
Before, she said: "O Boon, what stirred
Thy heart to this? Thy motive tell."
The question all unanswered fell.
Boon lay again as if in death,
With closed eyes and gasping breath.

All night, low on the dark cell's floor,
Lay Boon and Choy; for Boon no more
Remained in life. When Choy crept near
And humbly spoke, she answered, "Dear,
Farewell!"—no other word. Choy strove—
Poor Choy! her feeble, lesser love
Avenge on herself its sin—
Strove from the greater love to win
Some healing stay. Too sweet to pain,
Too loyal and too true to feign,
Boon made but one reply, which fell
Fainter and fainter: "Dear, farewell!"

That night, at midnight, sat the King
And Lords in council. For the thing
Phaya Phi Chitt and Choy had planned
Seemed, in all that cruel land
Was known a punishment which seemed
Sufficient. Fierce his red wrath gleamed,
As cried the King:

"At dawn shall fly
The vultures with their hungry cry.
Rare feasts for them ready by noon
Shall be: three traitors' bodies hewn
In pieces and with o'f cast
Abroad, that to the very last
Low grade of life they may return,
And grovel with the beasts, to learn,
Through countless age, in that way
Kings punish when their slaves betray.
Long generations shall forget
Their base-born names, ere souls are set
Again within their foul, false flesh,
To murder love and trust afresh!"*

Ah! true it was the wife loved best!
Love knew his own, gave her his rest;
And to the other woman doom
Of lifelong woe and lifelong gloom.
O cruel friends who prayed the King,
Who dreamed Choy to this world could cling!
Reprieved from death, to life condemned
Sad prisoner for ever hemmed
Within the hated palace-wall;
By all despised and shunned by all,
Lonely and broken-hearted, she
Weeps day and night in misery.
And day and night one picture haunts
Her weary brain, her sorrow taunts—
Picture of Buddha's fairest fields,
Where every hour new transport yields,
And where the lover whom she slew,
Loyal at last, and glad and true,
In full Elysium's perfect rest,
Walks with the one who loved him best!

It haunts me morn and night and noon—
This story of the woman Boon
Haunts me like restless ghost, that says:
"Oh! where is love in these sad days?
Rise up, and in my night and name
Plead for the altar and the flame."
I am unworthy: master hands
Should strike the chords and fill the lands
From sea to sea with melody
Of such transcendent harmony
That it all jubilant might tell
How love must love if love loves well.
Yet, telling all and flooding lands
With melody, the master hands
Could strike no deeper chord than I,
When from a woman's heart I cry:
"O martyred Boon, of peerless fame,
Incarnate in thy life, Love came!"

* The Siamese believe that whenever a dead body is not
burned its soul is condemned to begin life again in the
lowest animal form.

SILVER LINES.

There's never a day so sunny,
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy,
But has had its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
When the stormy tempest clears.
There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot;
There's never a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot;
We have but to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not.
There's never a cup so pleasant
But has bitter with the sweet;
There's never a path so rugged
That bears not the print of feet;
And we have a Helper promised
For the trials we may meet.

[From the Atlantic for January] LONGFELLOW ON SUMNER.

Garlands upon his grave,
And flowers upon his hearse,
And to the tender heart and brave
The tribute of this verse.

His was the troubled life,
The conflict and the pain,
The grief, the bitterness of strife,
The honor without stain.

Like Winkeried, he took
Into his manly breast
The sheaf of hostile spears, and broke
A path for the oppressed;

Then from the fatal field
Upon a nation's heart
Borne like a warrior on his shield!—
So should the brave depart.

Death takes us by surprise,
And slays our hurrying feet;
The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are incomplete.

But in the dark unknown
Perfect their circles seem,
Even as a bridge's arch of stone
Is rounded in the stream.

Alike are life and death,
When life in death survives,
And the uninterrupted breath
Inspires a thousand lives.

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still travelling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.

So, when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him ties
Upon the paths of men.

March 30, 1874. HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

SPEAK NAE ILL.

Other people have their faults,
And so have ye as well,
But all ye chance to see or hear
Ye have no right to tell.
If ye canna speak o' good,
Take care, and see, and feel
Earth has all too much o' woe
And not enough o' weal.

Be careful that ye make nae strife
Wi' meddling tongue and brain,
For ye will find enough to do
If ye but look at hame.
If ye canna speak o' good,
Oh, dinna speak at all,
For there is grief and woe enough
On this terrestrial ball.

If ye should feel like picking flaws,
Ye better go, I ween,
And read the book that tells ye all
About the mote and beam.

Dinna lend a ready ear
To gossip or to strife,
Or, perhaps, 'twill make for ye
Nae funny thing of life.

Oh, dinna add to others' woe,
Nor mock it with your mirth,
But give ye kindly sympathy
To suffering ones of earth.

Sheridan's Ride.

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar:
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down:
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assailing their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls:
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops.
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both,
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, be-
cause

The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame;
There with the glorious General's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

[From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

A LAY OF MODERN ROME.

A Vision.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

Make way upon the Palatine,
Another Caesar comes!
Ye ghostly kings and emperors,
Do ye not hear the drums?

Stand back ye Conscript fathers,
Leave the ancient Forum clear,
Another living Senate with
Its Cicero is here.

Jove wakens in the Capitol,
Minerva draws her brand—
With spent bow, in his morning car,
Behold! Apollo stand!

The arrow which the God of light
Sped thro' the darkened skies,
Hath reached the throned Corsican,
And now the python dies.

Italia thro' her hundred roads
Is marching into Rome—
She comes not as a conqueror,
But exile welcomed home.

For her the grand old Mother,
With new gladness wakes and thrills,
She garlands all her gateways
And arrays her storied hills.

The Palatine its laurel waves—
The Caelian spreads its oak,
While within a shout the Capitol,
Throws down its ancient yoke.

The Aventine o'er Tiber shakes
Its ivy banner free,
And the pines on high Janiculum
Look gladly to the sea.

The garden on the Esquiline,
A sweeter perfume flings;
And the steeds upon the Quirinal^o
Leap up as they had wings.

The Viminal waves its willow boughs
To welcome in again,
The waters from Subiacum,†
And the patriot stream of men.

Aflush with flowers and music
Sings the Pincian to the skies,
And the farm of Cincinnatus
On the Vatican replies.

And even He who bravely spake,
When first he took the throne,
And gave the blow for Liberty,
Should welcome in his own.

Every face is toward the Capitol,
Each footstep nears the dome,
They know the roads of Union
Can only lead to Rome.

Milan, Turin and Genoa,
Led by the Tuscan Court,
Sweep over the Pons Miltvius,
To the Flaminian Porte.

Bologna and Verona,
With Ferrara come in state,
And Venice with her lion
To the old Nomentum gate.

Sicilia and Neapolis up
The Appian highway pour,
And red-capped Masaniello
Bids Rienzi ope the door.

Thrice welcome is each victor,
With the laurel on his helm,
They who restore the sceptre
To a reunited realm.

Oh what a splendor crowns the day,
When each converging road,
Brings every patriot in at last
Content to one abode.

Call it Kingdom, or Republic,
While it rules from sea to sea,
Give Freedom any name you will,
But let it still be free.

At once, behold, brown Industry
Assails the fallow plain,
The factories wake, and Commerce spreads
Her wings upon the main.

Behind its bars the Press no more
Is doomed to bow and cringe,
The gate of old intolerance
Swings on its rusty hinge.

The final trump of Justice calls
Her patriots one by one—
From Hadrian's tomb of living tombs
They stride into the sun.

And Art, no longer forced to serve
At Superstition's shrine,
Brings forth a new-born retinue
To swell her royal line.

Religion rising from the dark,
Her chains to earth has hurled,
And Simple Truth and Liberty
Untrammelled walk the world.

Viva! Viva! Italia!
Her Union spreads abroad
The invincible light of Freedom
In the infallible light of God!

ROME, September 20, 1870.

¶The celebrated colossal rearing horses by Praxiteles and Phidias.

†The famous Acqua Marcia, first brought to Rome 144 years B. C. This aqueduct was destroyed by Marius 87 B. C. It has now been restored, and the last public act of Pius IX, in his "temporal" capacity, was performed at the inauguration, September 12, 1870, while the Italian army was approaching Rome.

Just as a hundred years ago
The restless waves beat on the sand;
The surging tides still ebb and flow,
The white-winged boats still come and go,
Tempests arise, and calms ensue,
And still the "waste of waters" meets
The dome of heaven's o'erarching blue,
The same broad arch the Pilgrims knew.

The strong arm of the landward gale
Threshes the worn and sanded floor,
And gives the never-ceasing wail,
The steady rhythm of the flail.

Unmindful of the passing years,
The waves pursue their aimless march—
Oblivious of hopes or fears,
Of joy's sweet smiles or sorrow's tears.

Upon their crest they bear the bark,
Freighted with wealth of India's store;
Or yet, amid the tempest dark,
The shipwrecked sailor, cold and stark.

From altars manifold beneath,
Ascends to heaven their varied songs;
With variant utterance, they breathe
The hymn of praise, or dirge of death.

The inland river, winding down,
Bears on its bosom the refrain;
The din and tumult of the town,
Thesighing of the forests brown.

The mowers on the distant lea,
Their labors ply with merry song;
Their ringing scythe, and song of glee,
Echo the music of the sea.

And o'er them all, the ceaseless beat
Sounds and resounds along the shore;
Like as an army's myriad feet,
Along a vanquished city's street.

So does the ocean of the years
Roll on and never stay;
Unmindful of our joy or tears,
To-morrow or to-day.

And man may plough, and plant and reap,
Or plough and plant in vain;
And o'er his labor smile the sun,
Or weep the clouds of rain.

And woman shine in gilded halls,
Or toil for scanty bread,
And crave the ending of the day,
The "city of the dead."

And all the ages rise and fall;
The darkness and the light;
The good and evil alternate,
The day succeed the night.

And still its waves unceasing flow,
And bear us on their crest,
Until they cast us on the shore,
Within the port of rest.

We shall endeavor to give your readers an account of the festivities of the "gathering," in which we hope many of them may participate.

ALLSTON.

St. Paul's Hall
Hadwick for

14. 47 " 17

+ 4. 25 " 18

OLD LETTERS.

"Burn them wholesale! Ancient scars
Will bleed and throb if you delay.
Thrust them in between the bars,
Tied up in their packets"—"Stay!
I see my mother's writing, and
My father's: ay, 'tis theirs indeed,
Though lettered in a large round hand
That their little son might read.
How I prized them! New to school,
How my very soul did ache!
Grief had killed a little fool,
If the heart could really break."

"Clissold's writing! 'Dear old boy,
Whatever happens, I'm your friend.'
He meant it too: without alloy
Our friendship was, and feared no end.
How oft, while dropping down the stream,
Or idly stretched amongst the heather,
We shared in Youth's presumptuous dream,
And vowed to storm the world together.
O fool! to trust a boyish word;
O fool! to feel a boyish sorrow;
That Clissold, walking with a lord,
Would cut me, if we met, to-morrow."

"Burn the letters! Ancient scars
Will bleed and throb if you delay.
Thrust them in between the bars,
Tied up in their packets"—"Stay!
That hand so delicate and small,
Traced upon paper pinky white,
Does like a happy dream recall
A time of heavenly delight.
'My life! my love! [O tender girl!]
'Twill kill me if you are not true.'
And here's a brown and silky curl,
Tied with the faithful color, blue.
The honest silk has faded quite;
For would this only love of mine
Shed, if she saw me dead to-night,
A single tear for auld lang syne?"

"Burn them wholesale! Ancient scars
Will bleed and throb with this delay;
Thrust the letters through the bars,
Open not another"—"Stay!
That foreign sheet I cannot burn;
'Tis Tom's last letter; give it me!
He writes in it of his return
To those—he ne'er again should see.
Burn it; burn all. For they who traced
The lines with such keen pleasure read,
Whose love can never be replaced,
Are false, are fickle, or are dead.
Burn them wholesale! Ancient scars
Will bleed afresh with each delay,
Thrust them in between the bars;
They belong to Yesterday."

A SONNET—(With a Letter.)

I send this letter, O my sweet! to tell
The old, old story of my heart's deep wealth
Of tenderness; and of my body's health;
And how in all things worldly I am well;
Which thou wilt gladly hear. It holds not much,
Besides, to pleasure thee. It bears no word
Of fond affection which thou hast not heard
Leap from my living lips. Well—I will touch
My mouth unto the leaves caressingly;
And so wilt thou. Thus, from these lips of mine
My message will go kissingly to thine,
With more than fancy's load of luxury,
And prove a true love-letter, warm and sweet
As ever yet a loving spouse did greet!
—Harper's Magazine. JOHN G. SAXE.

I'M GROWING OLD.

My days pass pleasantly away,
My nights are blessed with sweetest sleep,
I feel no symptoms of decay,
I have no cause to mourn or weep:
My foes are impotent and shy,
My friends are neither false nor cold,
And yet of late I often sigh—
I'm growing old!

My growing talk of olden times,
My growing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy,
My growing love for easy shoes;
My growing hate of crowds and noise;
My growing fear of catching cold,
All tell me in the plainest voice—
I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff,
I'm growing dimmer in the eyes,
I'm growing fainter in my laugh,
I'm growing deeper in my sighs;
I'm growing careless of my dress,
I'm growing frugal of my gold,
I'm growing wise, I'm growing—yes—
I'm growing old!

I feel it in my changing taste,
I see it in my changing hair,
I see it in my growing waist,
I see it in my growing hair;
A thousand hints proclaim the truth,
As plain as truth was ever told,
That even in my haunted youth
I'm growing old!

Ah me! my very laurels breathe
The tale in my reluctant ears;
And every boon the hours bequeath
But makes me debtor to the years;
Even Flattery's honeyed words declare
The secret she would fain withhold,
And tell me in "How young you are!"
I'm growing old!

Thanks for the years whose rapid flight
My sombre muse too gladly sings;
Thanks for the gleams of golden light
That tint the darkness of their wings;
The light that beams from out the sky
Those heavenly mansions to unfold,
Where all are blest, and none may sigh
"I'm growing old!"

JOHN G. SAXE.

A LOVE CONCEIT.

If I might find thee fast asleep some day—
Oh! gold-nest day of all my golden days—
If some sweet chance my witless steps should guide
To seek that way of all the many ways
The which should bring me blindly to thy side,
No wit would move thee, flight nor coy delay;
But be thou sure I would not turn aside
Till I had touched thy face with lips as light
As stealthiest snow that falleth in the night.
Then would I vanish, pricked by wakeful pride;
Even as I came so would I go my way.
Thou'dst never know that moment from the rest;
But it would I with special grace invite,
As having helped me to my heart's delight!

HOWARD GLYNDON.

L. 77 + 25-

THE TWO LOVERS.

BY GEORGE ELIOT.

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring:
They leaned soft cheeks together there,
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.
O budding time!
O love's blest prime!

Two wedded from the portal stept:
The bells made happy carollings,
The air was soft as fanning wings,
White petals on the path-way slept.
O pure-eyed bride!
O tender pride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent:
Two hands above the head were locked;
These pressed each other while they rocked,
Those watched a life that love had sent.
O solemn hour!
O hidden power!

Two parents by the evening fire:
The red light fell about their knees
On heads that rose by slow degrees
Like buds upon the lily spire.
O patient life!
O tender strife!

The two still sat together there,
The red light shone about their knees;
But all the heads by slow degrees
Had gone and left that lonely pair.
O voyage fast!
O vanished past!

The red light shone upon the floor
And made the space between them wide;
They drew their chairs up side by side,
Their pale cheeks joined, and said, "Once more!"
O memories!
O past that is!

Ah! sad are they who know not love,
But, far from passion's tears and smiles,
Drift down a moonless sea, beyond
The silvery coasts of fairy isles.

And sadder they whose longing lips
Kiss empty air, and never touch
The dear warm mouth of those they love,—
Waiting, wasting, suffering.

But clear as amber, fine as musk,
Is life to those who, pilgrim-wise,
Move hand in hand from dawn to dusk,
Each morning nearer Paradise.

Oh, not for them shall angels pray,
They walk in everlasting light;
They stand in Allah's smile by day,
And nestle in his heart by night.

T. B. ALDRICH.

BLUE RIBBONS.

Oh, the ribbon that tied up my golden hair
Came slipping, sliding, falling down,
As I ran o'er the fields, and my cousin Clare
Sang, "Love, for that ribbon I'd give thee a crown."

"Then why don't you take it?" I answered him back,
And I laughed in his face as I glanced around,
When such a misfortune befell, for, alack!
My bonnie blue ribbon dropped off on the ground.

"I will then, my darling"—he laughed in his joy
Till the woods his gay laughter re-echoed again;
"A forfeit I'll have," said this impudent boy,
As he swung my blue ribbon around on his cane.

"Then why don't you take it?" I answered him back;
"You'll have to run fast, sir, in spite of your
charms!"
When such a misfortune befell, for, alack,
I tripped on a stone and fell into his arms!

"I will then, my darling." He bent down his head,
But I pulled all my golden hair over my eyes;
"These sunny rays dazzle my sight so," he said,
"That I can't find the rose-bud, nor tell where it lies.

"But here's a blue ribbon I found on the way;
So I'll tie up the sun-beams, and give you a kiss
To pay for my trouble; but frown, or say nay,
And I'll give you another as hearty as *this*!"

LAURA W. LEDYARD.

—Scribner's for June.

At the Theater.

We stood by the river together,
And bent o'er the water's side,
And we watched the play of the moonlight
That glittered adown the tide.

My dream of life was beginning—
For my dream of love had begun;
And the world was a garden of roses,
I plucking them one by one.

She was the daintiest creature!
That stood in the moonlight there,
With lace on her rounded shoulders,
And a purple gleam in her hair.

And we built the airiest castles,
And whispered the usual things;
In short, 'twas the same old story—
The vows and the changing of rings.

But many a night, when musing
Alone in my bachelor's chair,
I have thought of the lace and the shoulders,
And the purple gleaming hair.

And a memory wakens within me,
From out of the long ago;
The low deep sobbing and ripple
Of that river's ebbing and flowing.

Hush! there's music beginning;
Yes, she married—a broker in stocks,
And—look at that stout old party—
That is she—in the opposite box!

HOMESICK IN HEAVEN.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,

Go seek thine earth-born sisters—thus the Voice
That all obey—the sad and silent three;
These only, while the hosts of heaven rejoice,
Smile never; ask them what their sorrows be:

And when the secret of their griefs they tell,
Look on them with thy mild, half-human eyes:
Say what thou wast on earth; thou knowest well;
So shall they cease from unavailing sighs.

—Why thus, apart,—the swift-winged herald spake,—
Sit ye with silent lips and unstrung lyres
While the trisagion's blending chorals wake
In shouts of joy from all the heavenly choirs.

Chide not thy sisters,—thus the answer came:—
Children of earth, our half-weaned nature clings
To earth's fond memories and her whispered name
Untunes our quivering lips, our saddened strings;

For there we loved, and where we loved is home,
Home that our feet may leave, but not our hearts,
Though o'er us shine the jasper-lighted dome:—
The chain may lengthen but it never parts!

Sometimes a sunlit sphere comes rolling by,
And then we softly whisper,—can it be?
And leaning toward the silvery orb, we try
To hear the music of its murmuring sea;

To catch, perchance, some flashing glimpse of green,
Or breathe some wild-wood fragrance, wafted through
The opening gates of pearl, that fold between
The blinding splendors and the changeless blue.

—Nay, sister, nay! a single healing leaf
Plucked from the bough of yon twelve-fruited tree,
Would soothe such anguish,—deeper stabbing grief
Has pierced thy throbbing heart—

—Ah, woe is me!

I from my clinging babe was rudely torn;
His tender lips a loveless bosom press;
Can I forget him in my life new born?
O that my darling lay upon my breast!

—And thou?—

I was a fair and youthful bride,
The kiss of love still burns upon my cheek,
He whom I worshipped ever at my side,
Him through the spirit realm in vain I seek.

Sweet faces turn their beaming eyes to mine:
Ah! not in these the wished-for look I read;
Still for that one dear human smile I pine;
Thou and none other!—is the lover's creed.

—And whence thy sadness in a world of bliss
Where never parting comes, nor mourner's tear?
Art thou, too, dreaming of a mortal's kiss
Amid the seraphs of the heavenly sphere?

—Nay, tax not me with passion's wasting fire;
When the swift message set my spirit free,
Blind, helpless, lone I left my gray-haired sire;
My friends were many, he had none save me.

I left him, orphaned, in the starless night;
Alas, for him no cheerful morning dawn!
I wear the ransomed spirit's robe of white,
Yet still I hear him moaning, She is gone!

Ye know me not, sweet sisters?—All in vain
Ye seek your lost ones in the shapes they were;
The flower once opened may not bud again,
The fruit once fallen finds the stem no more.

Child, lover, sire,—yea, all things loved below,
Fair pictures damasked on a vapor's fold—
Faded like the roseate flush, the golden glow,
When the bright curtain of the day is rolled.

I was the babe that slumbered on thy breast,
—And, sister, mine the lips that called thee bride.
—Mine were the silvered locks thy hand caressed,
That faithful hand, my faltering footsteps guide!

Each changing form, trail vesture of decay,
The soul unclad forgets it once hath worn,
Stained with the travel of the weary day,
And shamed with rents from every wayside thorn.

To lie, an infant, in thy fond embrace,—
To come with love's warm kisses back to thee,—
To show thine eyes thy gray-haired father's face,
Not Heaven itself could grant; this may not be!

Then spread your folded wings, and leave to earth
The dust once breathing ye have mourned so long,
Till Love, new risen, owns his heavenly birth,
And sorrow's discords sweeten into song!
—Atlantic Month'y.

THE OLD MAN AND THE YOUTHS.

[From the French of Lafontaine.]

A man of eighty years was planting trees;—
"Ha ha!" laughed out three striplings from the vil-
lage,

"Planting at eighty—had his task been tillage,
Or building houses, or aught else you please,
The folly might have passed as less worth noting,
But—planting trees! He must indeed be doting!
Why in the name of all that's odd, old neighbor,
What fruit can such as you expect to gather
From this ridiculous and driftless labor?"

You, who already are great-grandfather!
What! do you think to rival his years.
Methuselah! for shame. Do penance rather
For your past errors! Mourn your sins with tears
Abandon hopes and plans that so ill suit your
Age and gray hairs! Give over looking wildly
Out through the vista of a boundless future!
All these are but for us, and such as we."

"They are not even for you," replied the old man
mildly;

"Youth may be just as nigh eternity
As age. What though the pitfalls of existence
Be covered o'er with flowers in lieu of snows,
Who shall foremeasure the brief distance
Between this dim dream's birth and close.
The winged bolts of death are swift to strike
Life in its coming as decline;

The pallid Parca play their game alike
With your days and with mine.
Who, which of us four shall be the one
To gaze last on the glory of the sun?
Molest me not, then. Leave me to enjoy
The hours that yet remain to me. I love
To think my great-grandchildren will enjoy
The shade and shelter of this embryo grove;
Meantime I live, breathe, and I may even
Share, for some years to come, the gifts of heaven.
Alas! even I may see the morning light
Shine more than once, young men, upon your
graves!"

The old man spake a truth which time revealed:
Floating, soon after, on a stormy night,
One of these youths was buried in the waves—
A second was cut off on the battle-field—
The third fell ill, and in four fleeting weeks
His bier was dressed with death's pale plumes.
So died the three thus early fated!
And while the tears rolled down his cheeks
The old man sculptured on their tombs
The story I have here narrated.

A DECORATION DAY POEM.

BY BRET HARTE.

The following poem, written for the occasion, was read at the Decoration Day exercises, on the evening of May 30, at Rochester:

MISS BLANCHE'S ROSE.

And you are the poet, and so, you want
Something—what is it—a theme, a fancy?
Something or other the muse won't grant
In your old poetical necromancy.
Why one half you poets—you can't deny—
Don't know the muse when you chance to meet her,
But sit in your attics and mope and sigh
For, *faineant* goddess to drop from the sky,
When flesh and blood may be standing by
Quite at your service, should you but greet her.

What if I told you my own romance?
Women are poets, if you so take them,
One-third poet—the rest what chance
Of man and marriage may choose to make them.
Give me ten minutes before you go—
Here at the window we'll sit together,
Watching the currents that ebb and flow;
Watching the world as it drifts below
Up the hot avenue's dusty glow
Isn't it pleasant—this bright June weather?

Well, it was after the war broke out,
And I was a school girl fresh from Paris,
Papa had contracts, and roamed about
And I—did nothing—for I was an heiress.
Picked some lint, now I think. Perhaps
Knitted some stockings—a dozen nearly;
Havelocks made for the soldiers' caps;
Stood at fair tables and peddled traps
Quite at a profit. The shoulder straps
Thought I was pretty. Ah, thank you, really.

Still, it was stupid. Ratatat, tat!
Those were the sounds of that battle Summer
Till the earth seemed a parchment round and flat,
And every footfall the tap of a drummer;
And, day by day, down the avenue went

ST. PAUL'S.

I.

I see above a crowded world a cross
Of gold. It grows like some fork'd cedar tree
Upon a peak in shroud of cloud and moss,
Made base and bronzed in far antiquity.
Stupendous pile! The grim Yosemite
Has rent apart his granite wall, and thrown
Its rugged front before us. . . . Here I see
The strides of giant men in cryptic stone,
And turn, and slow descend where sleep the great
alone.

II.

The mighty captains have come home to rest;
The brave returned to sleep amid the brave.
The sentinel that stood with steely breast
Before the fiery hosts of France, and gave
The battle cry that rolled, receding wave
On wave, the foeman flying back and far,
Is here. How still! Yet louder now the grave
Than ever crushing Belgian giant car
Or blue and battle-shaken seas of Trafalgar.

III.

The verger stalks in stiff importance o'er
The hollow, deep and strange responding stones;
He stands with lifted staff unchid before
The forms that once had crush'd or fashion'd thrones,
And coldly points you out the coffin'd bones;
He stands composed where armies could not stand
A little time before. . . . The hand disowns
The idle sword, and now instead the grand
And golden cross makes sign and takes austere command.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

And I leaned from the window and watched my rose
Tossed on the waves of the surging column,
Warmed from above in the sunset glows
Borne from below by an impulse solemn.

Then I shut the window. I heard no more
Of my soldier friend, my flower, neither,
But lived my life as I did before;
I did not go as a nurse to the war—
Sick folks to me are a dreadful bore—
So I didn't go to the hospitals, either.

You smile, O poet, and what do you?
You lean from your window, and watch Life's column
Trampling and struggling through dust and dew,
Filled with its purposes grave and solemn.
And an act, a gesture, a face—
Touches your fancy to thrill and haunt you,
And you pluck from your bosom the verse that grows
And down it flies like my red, red rose,
And you sit and dream as away it goes,
And think that your duty is done—how don't you?

I know your answer. I'm not yet through,
Look at this protograph—"In the Trenches"
That dead man in the coat of blue
Holds a withered rose in his hand. That clenches
Nothing! Except that the sun paints true
And a woman sometimes is prophetic-minded.
And that's my romance. And Poet, you
Take it and mold it to suit your view
And who knows but you may find it too.
Come to your heart once more as mine did.

Don't Let Mother Do It!

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
Do not let her slave and toll,
While you sit, a useless idler,
Fearing your soft hands to soil.
Don't you see the heavy burdens
Daily she is wont to bear,
Bring the lines upon her forehead—
Sprinkle silver to her hair?

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
Do not let her bake and broil
Through the long, bright summer hours;
Share with her the heavy toil;
See, her eye has lost its brightness,
Faded from her cheek the glow,
And the step that once was buoyant
Now is feeble, weak and slow.

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
She has cared for you so long,
Is it right the weak and feeble
Should be toiling for the strong?
Waken from your listless languor,
Seek her side to cheer and bless;
And your grief will be less bitter
When the sods above her press.

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
You will never, never know
What were home without a mother
Till that mother lieth low—
Low beneath the budding daisies,
Free from earthly care or pain—
To the home so sad without her,
Never to return again.

Stock & Lator on
School Houses,

22. 85 .. 51

THE WILL AND THE WELL.

In the primitive ancestral days,
When all were happy "under the King,"
A quaint old town, with quaint old ways,
Huddled beneath the royal wing.
And here dwelt quiet Goodman Hayes,
Who owned a beautiful spring,
Whose water clear
Through all the year
Flowed out, a grateful thing.

When the summer sun poured fiercely down,
And air and earth were parched and dry,
The people of the dull old town
Would to its cooling precinct hie,
And the birds, with nests in the green trees' crown,
Sang on the branches nigh;
And the horses quaffed,
And the verdure laughed
In joy, as the stream flowed by.

Sweet flowers nodded around its brink,
The trees wore a brighter and fairer hue,
And the cattle which came that way to drink
Stopped long, delighted, ere they withdrew,
Seeming to ponder and to think
Of the bounty so full and true,
As the waters sweet
Flowed round their feet,
Forever bright and new.

To fill their pitchers the maidens came,
And smiled as they saw in the wave below
Their forms reflected and cheeks aflame
With the ruddy beams of health's bright glow;
And the urchin left his boisterous game
To drink of its generous flow;
And the real face
Met the shadowy face
O'er sands as white as snow.

As free to all as the air or light,
The spring gushed up from many a pore,
Bearing along, with a sparkle bright,
A blessing to each neighboring door;
And Goodman Hayes rejoiced at the sight
Away to his heart's deep core;
Beatitude
At others' good
Left room for nothing more.

Then Goodman Hayes conceived a thought
That, inasmuch as die he must,
He would make a will, with kindness fraught,
Which should save his spring as a sacred trust,
That generations might be brought,
When he had turned to dust,
To prize the gift
Of his generous thrift,
As gratefully they must.

The will was made, and the summons came,
And Goodman Hayes was borne to his rest.
The beautiful spring poured forth the same,
On its mission of love, as erewhile, blest;
And more than the guerdon of common fame
For him was manifest
Whose smile still seemed
In the rill that gleamed
For all through his bequest.

But time moved on, his lengthened race,
And generations came and went;
Unknown was the Goodman's act of grace,
Though the bounteous well its comfort lent.
The rude town grew to a crowded place
Of feverish discontent,
Yet, bright and sure,
Its waters pure,
Rushed on their course apace.

To-day no barrier intervenes
To check the thirsting its brink would gain;
Though the tree no more its covert screens,
In the green, romantic lane,
But binding still
Is the Goodman's will,
Forever to remain.

Better by far than transmitted pride,
Or the garish glory of titles grand,
The unselfish act, thus indented
With human good, unchanged to stand;
And, though the marble may be denied
That lesser deeds command,
The donor lives
In the boon he gives,
Which blesses every hand.

—Independent.

B. P. SHILLABER.

[For the Traveller.]

THE SOUL'S APPEAL.

BY ELLIOTT PRESTON.

[The following lines I inscribe to my friend, L. G. K., as a slight testimonial of my deep regard and esteem. They were penned during a severe illness.]

Father! as trembling on the brink
I gaze o'er the eternal flood,
Which rolleth by, in darkling pride,
Betwixt the pilgrim and his God;
Oh, Father! hear my parting prayer,
That if this soul *again* shall rise,
Those forms, by fond Affection cast
Athwart Life's dark and troubl'd skies,
E'en *there* shall wake th' electric thrill,
Through drear, dull Absence unforget,
The sole Redeemer of the past,—
The lode-star of Man's weary lot,
Father! to Thee I yield that Soul
Thou gav'st;—receive again Thy son.
Lord! view Thy "talent," *not* alone;—
Another hath Thy servant won.
Oh, say! will Thine all-perfect Dawn
Disclose the few we cherish here,
Or doth Affection's office end
Beside the mourn'd, though senseless bier?
Then why bestrew that marble brow
With buds that breathe eternal Spring?
Why press those lips corruption Claims,
O'er-shadow'd by dusk Azrael's wing?
No! no! the Soul forsakes that shroud
Which wraps the clay we leave behind.
Man mourns *the casket*, whose rich Gem
Spurns back the worm,—th' aspiring Mind!
I know not if my path may lie
O'er vine-clad steep, besprent with flowers,
Or 'long the haught cliff's dizzy verge,
Where dire Destruction fiercely towers.
I know not if yon glorious orbs,
That stue God's fathomless abyss,
May be me home, yet *this* I know,
None, none may be *more harsh* than this.
Not mine it were t' impugn the law
Which rolls the planet on its way:
Since *worlds* in mute obedience bow,
Man, too, must own Jehovah's sway.
Thou mighty Spirit! which on high
Doth curb and rule each distant sphere,
Averting, through Thy sole decree,
That boundless strife, *Man's* pastime drear,
Look on Thy child, it, *hail* the hum
Of quick Creation's busy hive,
Thou can'st discern, in yon clay shroud,
That I, a *lesser* insect, live.
Look on Thy child, whose troubled heart
Beats faintly 'neath its weary load:
Where'er I wander, sun an' stars
Forbid alike my calm abode.
O'er darkling waves of foaming blue,
Which bore me on their swelling crest,
I've roam'd afar, through many a cline,
Though none could soothe my lonely breast.

There breathed but one,—why *her* recall,
 Since pictured in that haunted stream,
 (Whence, 'pon the startled Spirit's gaze
 Bursts, like a star, Love's thrilling dream.)
 We viewed each other's Souls, and knew
 Love's rosy God,—ah! worthless dross
 The wealth of Earth's wide wilderness!
 Mine eyes wax dim, as, dreaming still,
 About my couch pale shadows press,
 And through my vision glides a shade,
 Robed in a matchless loveliness.
 I ween not our poor clay might boast
 Aught fairer than my bride of yore:
 Methinks her dimpled, winning smile
 Should charm Heaven's sons to Earth once more.
 'Twere vain to ponder of this now,
 Yet, whilst I watch Life's less'ning sands
 Fall, one by one, upon our bier,
 Until the heap a mountain stands,
 And chills my lone heart's lonelier beat,
 I feel, or *dream*, the Heaven of old
 Draws nigh, as though each failing breath
 Dispell'd the mists, whose circling shroud
 Mantles the Christ of Nazareth.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

[From Punch.]

Mourn, all dumb things, for whom his skill found
 voice,

Knitting 'twixt them and us undreamt-of ties,
 Till men could in their silent joy rejoice,
 And read the sorrow in their wistful eyes.

O Sovereign Power, for whom, like other Kings,
 Old life's surcease joins hands with new life's start,
 Till, with the herald, staff in grave that flings,
 We cry "Queen Art is dead—Long live Queen Art!"

Her rule, that once reached heaven, from that high
 sphere
 Had fallen down and down: the rainbow wings
 That bore her once where angels carol clear,
 Grew clogged and foul with stain of earthly things.

But, hurled from heaven, her earthly empery
 Reached far and wide, from where the still lagoon
 Mirrors the lovely City of the Sea,
 By light of golden sun or silver moon;

To where fair Florence, in her crown of towers,
 Smiles, with the beauty of a Royal bride;
 Or where Rome finds a field for Michael's powers,
 Worthy of Roman fame and Papal pride;

Or where, through level of the Lombard plain,
 The guided streams spread fatness, and, from far,
 White cities, girt with seas of greening grain,
 Gleam o'er the mounds that the great river bar;

Or where the blink of the Low Country sun
 Against the marsh-mist scarcely holds its own;
 And boots make revel among smoke-wreaths dun,
 And slow canals skirt polders osier-grown.

Alike in lands where all was fair and bright,
 And lands where all was dim and dull of show,
 Queen Art found realms to own her sovereign might,
 Subjects their tribute at her feet to throw,

Till even upon this, our little isle,
 That looms so large in light of various fames,
 The fair Queen deigned at last, though late, to smile,
 And dubbed her knights—a few, but glorious names.

Hogarth and Reynolds, Gainsborough, and those
 Less, and less only, than those peerless three,
 Who with them caught our manners as they rose,
 And their time mirrored for all times to be;

And Wilkie, who to Holland's humble truth
 Added a gentler grace, in purer themes;
 And Turner, who made poet's fancy sooth,
 And coupl'd widest truth with wildest dreams;

And last, not least, him, whose death we deplore;
 A name writ large upon Art's lieger-roll,
 As any of the mightiest gone before—
 Who, first of painters, gave dumb things a soul—

And made us feel the links that hold men bound
 In love and joy and grief with those dumb things,
 Till hidden depths of sympathy were found
 Where human kindness flowed from secret springs.

He sought the shieling of the shepherd dead,
 Beside whose bier nor man nor woman weeps;
 Only the colly lays his faithful head
 Upon the coffin, where his master sleeps.

Up with St. Bernard's searchers of the snow,
 The good monk's good dogs, in the drifts was he;
 Or, where the wild white horses, foaming, go,
 With brave Newfoundland saving life from sea.

Or where the lordly blood-hound, with pricked ear
 And scent suspicious, watches for his lord,
 At the locked door, from whose sill, trickling clear,
 The blood bespeaks surprise and treacherous sword.

The lesson teaching still of love and trust,
 In dogs' true service that pleads strong, though mute;
 Or with bright humor piercing the thin crust
 Dividing common germs in man and brute:

Showing us Jack in Office, proud of place,
 Or full-wigged Sapience, laying down the law;
 Or High Life's dainty and disdainful face,
 Or Low Life, big of jowl, and broad of jaw:

Or sending through the townsman's stagnant vein
 The quickeening mountain-air, unbreathed of men,
 Where from the ling the moorcock whirs amain,
 Startling the antierd monarch of the glen.

Or where by mountain tarn, when evening's light
 Lies limpid on the edges of the hill,
 The hunted red deer, panting from his flight,
 Seeks sanctuary, serene and safe and still.

Or where o'er the untrodden waste of snow,
 Great stag's great shadow on the moonlight falls,
 As neath star-sudded skies with frost aglow,
 Rival on rival, shrill, in challenge calls.

How many a weary pacer of the street,
 In City pent, has paused these scenes to scan,
 And drunk the heather's fragrance round his feet,
 In draughts where with wild Nature strengthens man.

His work has been sound teacher to his age,
 Whether of sympathy 'twixt man and brute,
 Or lessons drawn from Nature's wholesome page,
 And pleasure that, in truth, has deepest root.

Few have lived happier, busier lives than he,
 Whose brush, plied with delight, delight still gave,
 And if at last a cloud fell o'er his glee,
 It hung not long between him and the grave.

Our best-known name in Art has passed away;
 Of gifts, though bounded, truest, most his own;
 Who did such work as none of earlier day,
 And shall by that to latest days be known.

And as the artist wrought, so lived the man:
 Humorous, joyous, genial of mood,
 With love that took all live things in its span,
 And, without effort, all things to it wooed.

Whatever growth of painting grace our time,
 His still shall hold its place—apart—alone;
 Others as high by other roads may climb,
 None can be wider loved, or worthier known.

A LEGEND OF THE DELAWARES.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The air is dark with cloud on cloud,
And through the leaden-colored mass,
With thunder-crashes quick and loud,
A thousand shafts of lightning pass.

And to and fro they glance and go,
Or, darting downward, smite the ground.
What phantom arms are those that throw
The shower of fiery arrows round?

A louder crash! a mighty oak
Is smitten from that stormy sky.
The stem is shattered by the stroke;
Around its root the branches lie.

Fresh breathes the wind; the storm is o'er
The piles of mist are swept away,
And from the opening sky once more,
Streams gloriously the golden day.

A dusky hunter of the wild
Is passing near, and stops to see
The wreck of splintered branches piled
About the root of that huge tree.

Lo, quaintly shaped and fairly strung,
Wrought by what hand he cannot know,
On that drenched pile of boughs among
The splinters lies a polished bow.

He lifts it up; the drops that hang
On its smooth surface slide away.
He tries the string; no sharper twang
Was ever heard on battle day.

Homeward Onetho bears the prize.
Who meets him as he turns to go?
An aged chief with keen quick eyes,
And bending frame and locks of snow.

"See what I bring, my father, see
This goodly bow which I have found
Beneath a thunder-riven tree,
Dropped with the lightning to the ground.

"Beware, my son, it is not well,"
The white-haired chieftain makes reply,
"That we who in the forest dwell
Should wield the weapons of the sky.

"Lay back that weapon in its place;
Let those who bore it bear it still,
Lest thou displease the ghostly race
That float in mist from hill to hill."

"My father, I will only try
How well it sends a shaft, and then
This goodly bow shall surely lie
Among the splintered boughs again."

So to the hunting-ground he hies,
To chase till eve the forest game,
And not a single arrow flies
From that good bow with erring aim.

And then he deems that they who swim
In trains of mist the middle air,
Perchance have kindly thoughts of him,
And dropped the bow for him to bear.

He bears it from that day, and soon
Becomes the mark of every eye,
And wins renown with every moon
That fills its circle in the sky.

None strike so surely in the chase,
None bring such trophies from the fight,
And at the council-fire his place
Is with the wise and men of might.

And far across the land is spread
Among the hunter tribes his fame,
Men name the bowyer-chief with dread,
Whose arrows never miss their aim.

See next his broad-roofed cabin rise
On a smooth river's pleasant side;
And she who has the brightest eyes
Of all the tribe becomes his bride.

A year has passed; the forest sleeps
In early autumn's sultry glow;
Onetho, on the mountain steeps,
Is hunting with that trusty bow.

But they who by the river dwell,
See the dun vapors thickening o'er
Long mountain ridge and severing dell,
And hear the thunder's sullen roar.

Still darker grows the gathering cloud,
From which the booming thunders sound
And stoops and hangs a shadowy shroud
Above Onetho's hunting-ground.

There they who from the river-vale,
Are gazing on the distant storm,
See in the mists that ride the gale,
Dim shadows of the human form.

Tall warriors plumed with streaming hair,
And lifted arms that bear the bow,
And send athwart the murky air
The arrowy lightnings to and fro.

Loud is the tumult of an hour—
Crash of torn boughs and howl of blast,
And thunder-peal and pelting shower,
And then the storm is overpast.

Where is Onetho? What delays
His coming? Why should he remain
Among the plashing woodland ways,
Swain brooks, and boughs that drip with rain?

He comes not; and the younger men
Go forth to search the forest round;
They track him to a mountain glen,
And find him lifeless on the ground.

The goodly bow that was his pride
Is gone, but there the arrows lie;
And now they know the death he died,
Slain by the lightnings of the sky.

They bear him thence in awe and fear,
Back to the vale with stealthy tread.
There silently, from far and near,
The warriors gather round the dead.

But in their homes the women bide,
And sit unseen and weep apart;
And, in her bower, Onetho's bride,
Is sobbing with a broken heart.

They lay in earth their bowyer-chief,
And at his side their hands bestow
His dreaded battle-axe and sheaf
Of arrows, but without a bow,

"Too soon he died; it is not well,"
The old men whisper, standing nigh,
"That we who in the forest dwell
Should wield the weapons of the sky."

—N. Y. Ledger.

SUNSET ON THE BEARCAMP.

A gold fringe on the purpling hem
Of hills the river runs,
As down its long green valleys falls
The last of summer suns.
Along its tawny gravel bed
Broad-flowing, swift and still,
As if its meadow levels felt
The hurry of the hill,
Noiseless between its banks of green
From curve to curve it slips;
The drowsy maple shadows rest
Like fingers on its lips.

A wail from Carroll's wildest hills,
Unstoried and unknown:
The ursine legend of its name
Prowls on its banks alone.
Yet flowers as fair its slopes adorn
As ever Yarrow knew,
Or, under rainy Irish skies,
By Spenser's Mulla grew;
And through the gaps of leaning trees
Its mountain cradle shows;
The gold against the amethyst,
The green against the rose.

Touched by a light that had no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain wall
Are God's great pictures hung.
How changed the summits vast and old!
No longer granite-browed.
They melt in rose mist; the rock
Is softer than the cloud;
The valley holds its breath; no leaf
Of all its elms is twirled;
The silence of eternity
Seems falling on the world.

The pause before the breaking seals
Of mystery is this;
Yon miracle-play of night and day
Makes dumb its witnesses.
What unseen altar crowns the hills
That reach up stair on stair?
What eyes look through, what white wings fan
These purple veils of air?
What presence from the heavenly heights
To those of earth stoops down?
Not vainly Hellas dreamed of gods.
On Ida's snowy crown!

Slow fade the vision of the sky,
The golden water pales,
And over all the valley-land
A gray-winged vapor sails.
I go the common way of all;
The sunset fires will burn,
The flowers will blow, the river flow,
When I no more return.
No whisper from the mountain place
Nor lapsing stream shall tell
The stranger, treading where I tread,
Of him who loved them well.

But beauty seen is never lost,
God's colors are all fast;
The glory of this sunset heaven
Into my soul has passed—
A sense of gladness unconfined
To mortal date or clime:
As the soul liveth, it shall live
Beyond the years of time,
Beside the mystic asphodels
Shall bloom the home-born flowers,
And new horizons flush and glow
With sunset hues of ours.

Farewell! these smiling hills must wear
Too soon their wintry frown,
And snow-cold winds from off them shake
The maple's red leaves down.
But I shall see a summer sun
Still setting broad and low;
The mountain slopes shall blush and bloom,
The golden water flow.
A lover's claim is mine on all
I see to have and hold,—
The rose-light of perpetual hills,
And sunsets never cold!

JOHN G.

—Atlantic Monthly for January.

MALIBRAN'S GRAVE.—In speaking of Brussels, Grace Greenwood in a recent letter refers to Laeken in these words:

Near the palace is a Gothic church, the beautiful tower of which is a memorial of the late Queen of the Belgians. It was not that which brought us one Sunday evening on a pilgrimage to Laeken, but a modest little temple in the crowded cemetery, erected on the grave of Malibran, the Queen of Song. Her body was brought here from Manchester, where she died suddenly during the musical festival, when she seemed to burst her great heart with singing. Here is her statue by Geefs, a noble, mature figure, but posed lightly, as though aspiring above earth, and all white and pure, like a type of resurrection, the face uplifted in an ecstasy of song. At her feet lie wreaths of white immortelles, which seem like pale, scentless ghosts of her old crownings. It hardly seems a fitting spot for her to be laid in; it is too quiet and commonplace. Should she not rather have been buried in some beautiful cathedral, where the waves of grand harmonies might have rolled over her rest? But perhaps, if she ever hovers about the spot, she will like better the small music of the little brown bird that pipes forth his unconscious morning praise from the tree near her tomb, or builds his nest under its very roof, and beguiles his patient mate with glad bursts of unpremeditated song, than the pompous service and swelling organ tones of great churches. Ah! can it be that the eternal silence has swallowed up the grand voice of the singer, as to-morrow it will swallow the small thrill of the bird?

THE SABBATH DAY.

Faint prototype of Heaven, blest Sabbath day!
Emblem of an eternal rest to come;
Emancipator from vile Mammon's sway,
At whose approach a noisy world is dumb;
Unerring regulator, sacred pledge;
Best friend and soother of the poor and weak;
A resting-place in our drear pilgrimage,
Where soul and body may refreshment seek;
If thou wert blotted out, our moral sun,
The huge eclipse would dress the world in gloom;
Confusion dire would seize on every one,
And peace, love, order, find a hasty tomb;
Then would oppression reign, then lust rebel,
Then violence abound, and earth resemble hell!

W. L. GARRISON.

THE POET'S LAST SONG.

[From the Danish of Hans Christian Andersen.]

I like to the leaf which falleth from the tree,
O God, such only is my earthly life.
Lord, I am ready when Thou callest me.
Lo! Thou canst see my heart's most bitter strife—
Tis Thou alone canst know the load or sin,
Which this my aching breast doth hold within.

Shorten the pains of death, shake off my fear,
Give me the courage of a trusting child.
Father of Love, I fain would see Thee near.
In pity judge each thought and act defiled—
Mercy, I cry! dear Lord, Thy will be done,
Save me I pray, through Jesus Christ Thy Son.

THE METAPHYSICIAN.

[From Schiller.]

"How far the world lies under me!
Scarce can I see the men below there crawling!
The highest of all arts lifts me, my calling,
So near the heavenly canopy!"
Thus, from the tower where he doth clamber,
Calls out the slater; also thus the small great man,
Jack Metaphysician, down in his writing chamber.
Tell me, thou little great big man—
The tower, whence thou so grandly all things hast
inspected.

Whereof is it, whereon is it erected?
How can'st thou up thyself? Its heights so smooth
and bare—

What serve they for but thence into the vale to stare?
Independent. GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE PRESENT.

Mysterious moment, which art not, and art,
At once, perpetually, and vanishest
Forever, I acknowledge thy behest
And thine alone as sovereign. Not in part,
But wholly do I trust thee. There can start
No doubt of thee, however on the rest
Of life remorse or fear may fasten. Test
Unfailing, proves my safety, thrills my heart,
O sovereign present, as I grateful kneel
To thee. Accept, compel me, seal me thine;
I am the least among the very least;
Yet unto me thou must thyself reveal;
Redeemer of the Future and High Priest
Of all the Past, O Present, thou art mine.
Independent. H. H.

A LIVING LYRIC.

BY WILLIAM H. LYTLE.

"I am dying, Egypt, dying."—*Shakespeare.*

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast.
Let thine arm, O queen, support me!
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
Hearken to the great heart secrets
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and shattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman—
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Caesar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's hand that slew him,
'Twas his own that struck the blow.
Hear, then, pillowed on thy bosom,
Ere his star fades quite away,
Him who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly flung a world away!

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my fame at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her—say the gods have told me,
Altars, augurs, circling wings,
That her blood with mine commingled
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile.
Give the Caesar crowns and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine;
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Hark! insulting foeman's cry;
They are coming—quick, my falchion!
I'll meet them ere I die.
I'll die more amid the battle
Than my heart exulting swell;
And Osiris guard thee—
Adieu! Rome! farewell!

Account with Joseph Marshall Treasurer.

1874 Feb. 1 Paid

Oct. 20 Recd of William Bannix Esq. of Hudson
Twenty five Dollars as a present to
the High School \$25.00

Dr. School Committee of Nantucket In

1870 Feb. 1. Paid

Teachers Salary

Sweeping, Mending, Linen,
and Cleaning.

Fuel.

Printing & Advertising.

Miscellaneous

Books & Stationery

Account with Joseph Marshall Treasurer. Co.

1876. Feb. 10th

		By Cash paid 7 1869	\$ 12.77
March	4.	Cash from " " Treasurer	500.00
		Multiplikation Tab	1.60
"	10	Cash from " " Treasurer	500.00
"	20	" " " "	200.00
April	9	" " " "	1800.00
May	18.	Cash from " " Treasurer	100.00
		on account of books sold,	64.00
July	14	Cash from " " Treasurer	1800.00
"	23	" " " " Treasurer	
		on account of books sold,	27.79
Sept.	16	" " " "	85.00
Oct.	1.	Cash from " " Treasurer	300.00
"	3.	for Battery	.54
"	10	Cash from " " Treasurer	
		on account of books sold	20.00
"	20	Cash from " " Treasurer	1500.00
Nov.	24	" " " " Treasurer	59.00
Dec	31	" " " " Treasurer	28.00
Jan 1871	6	" " " " Treasurer	1400.00
"	25	Recd. from " " Treasurer (books sold)	50.00

Gr. School Committee of Nantucket - Lu

Feb. 1870.

By Cash on hand of 1869 \$ 12.77

Town's Appropriation 8000. 00

State School Fund

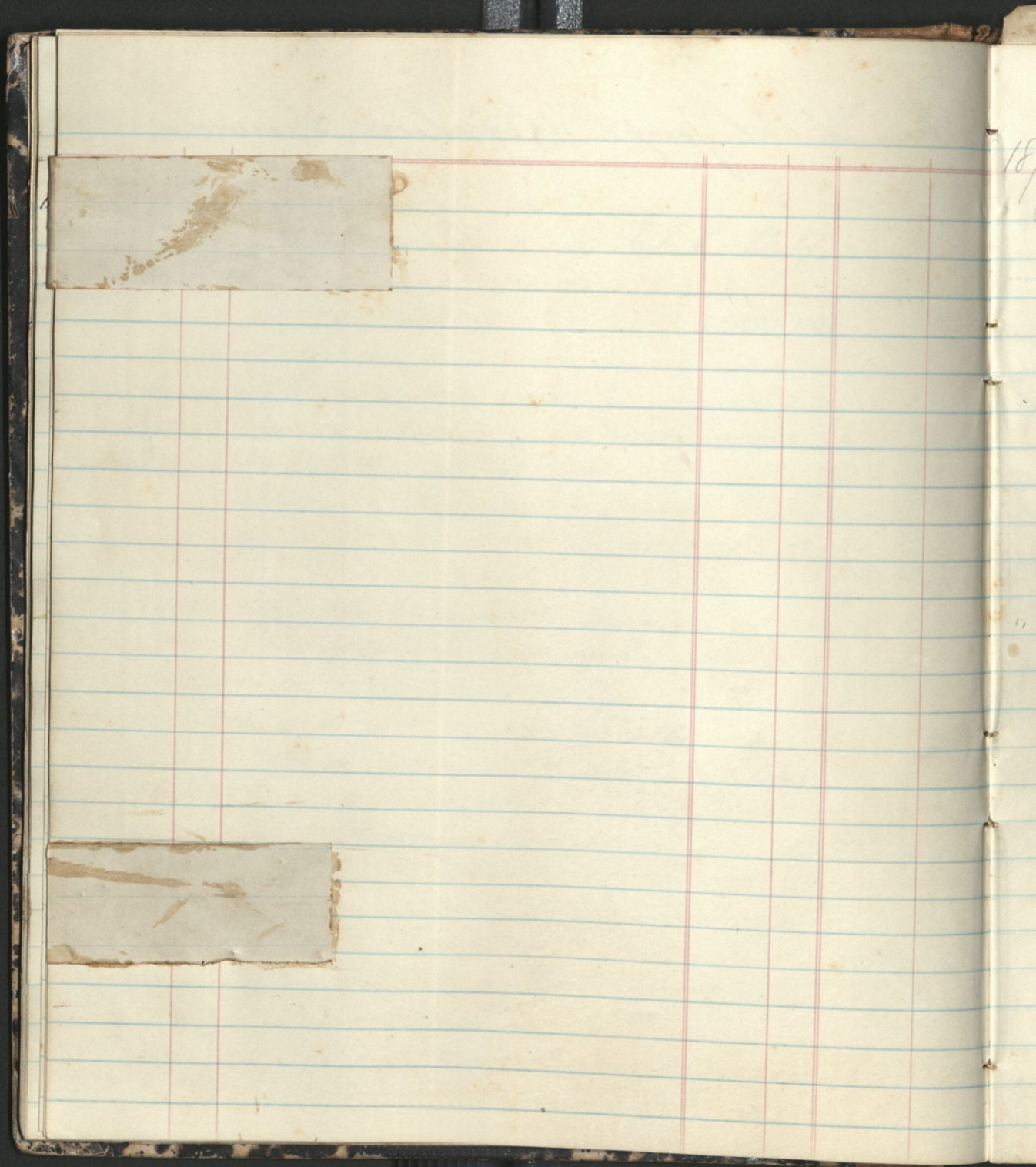
Twenty Five Dollars from
H. Barnes Esq of Hudson
as a present to S.C. School. 25. 00

Amt. from Sale of Books of
J. Paddock & M. F. Swain

Cash for Multiplication
Tables 1. 60

Two Brooms .54

Account with Joseph L. Marshall Treasurer.



1872

April 21. Mr. Washburn preached this morning on the "Real and Unreal." It was one of his finest sermons and at its close he repeated the "Pulpita Boy." There was the most rapt attention from every one present and he was truly eloquent in some parts of it.

Tomorrow I am to begin school again. I had hoped to be free from teaching this summer but it seems to be meant for me to continue. I hope I shall succeed as well this term as I did last. Then I shall be glad I kept on.

28th Mr. Washburn preached by request this morning on the Divinity of Christ, one of his best. He was rather sober it seemed to me but perhaps it was only my idea. Last evening he was presented with one hundred dollars, from his friends in the society. He said afterwards that he was very glad to have it for it showed he had some good friends; and besides, he said it was what he was very much in need of just now. This evening his sermon was on "Free Thoughts." Toward the last he was very much excited and ended by saying he had no apology to offer & no farewell to make

Hoe said "my term for which I was engaged
expires to day, I have preached out to suit any one,
but what I have felt it my duty to preach. The
usual forms that I have promised, have been those
which I do not deem necessary. I have said
nothing that I did not mean if speaking for which
I am paid. I know that there is as much evil
elsewhere as there is here and as much good
elsewhere as there is here, but whatever good I go forth
to meet, I go forth with both hands & help it, & what
ever evil I have to meet I have both hands & defeat it.
April 27. This morning many of Mr. Washburn's
friends were at the boat & bid him good bye
among them father. He goes to Minneapolis and
has to form a society after he gets there.
I watched the boat as it gradually faded from
sight (from the school window) until I could no longer
see even the minute black speck which had become
I could not help feeling lonely, although we
have never met.

of the winter; but this was broken by my
trip to Indianapolis with Prof. Mitchell.
We were received with great heartiness by
everyone there, & had every attention paid
us. The lecture was a success & Miss M.
received the greatest applause by an audience
that ~~secured a~~ ^{looked up} the noble
countenance of the ~~the~~ ^{the} of the
woman who stood before them,
having all the dignity & grace of a
lady, and felt that it was truly a
rare opportunity they had in seeing
one who combined such rare talents
& perseverance in study with a soul that
looked through nature up to nature's God.

After Spring vacation the time flew
like wings. Still the last three weeks
quaintly seemed to have no end. I was
excellent enough to keep me good
mingle and though my dresses were not
his just as many had, I did not for
most unfavorable of it.

yet they have gained
countrymen, & a p.
unity has achieved.
in London, John P.

Character & Qualities

Lecture - Washington Irving

Reading is becoming more and more an established means of education. No wise parent or teacher omits to use it in the mental training of the child.

The study of literature holds a prominent place in the course of public-school instruction.

Every enterprising town provides a library for its citizens. Every family has its shelf of household reading. Books are among the cheapest and most accessible things in the world. Printed sheets daily, weekly, & monthly, fall in our way at every turn. The formation of some kind of literary taste, therefore, is inevitable. The people's word of the question is — what shall they read?

Induced by a feeling that the taste, especially of the young, needs guiding in the choice of books, I am led to speak to you this evening in a simple way, of one, whose character & writings have charmed me from my youth, and who more than any other man, has made a name and a value to the literary country.

Popular lecturers are not transatlantic models of and is to foster a love for foreign neglect of equally merits.

Scholars who have studied the British poets
and essayists cannot name our own H. England
writers. Many read and catch I like who
do not know whether the best American story
was written by Hawthorne or Lyman, Lebbell
My purpose will be answered if I can intro-
duce the unacquainted to the father of American
Literature; and kindly send the interest of those
who already know & love our own Washington Irving.
If I had thought to draw for you a faint
portrait of this delightful author and omniscient
man, I but with unskilled hand, can
add the blush, and paint the prince of artists
at his easel? and who of stammering speech
shall dare write words to sketch the peerless
pictures of this distinguished writer? Shall we
liken him to certain models of acknowledged
greatness? He did indeed combine their
excellences but stands before us still a character
unique and incomparable.

His first writings appeared during the
most unfavorable time period of our history;
yet they have gained a place in the hearts of his
countrymen, & a permanency, that no other
writer has achieved. When they were first published
in London, John Bull would not allow

that an American could write decent English.

But the readers & critics of Great Britain soon gave them an honorable place beside their Scott & Macaulay.

The Hellets had scarcely emerged from her struggle for independence & her ministers to foreign courts were hardly treated with civility when Mr. Livingston abroad & was received with marked favor in the best society of western Europe. He was a guest at Royal Feasts & scholars eagerly sought his acquaintance.

As a man, he possessed a rare combination of attractive & lovable qualities. He had a quiet modesty, characteristic of true greatness. His tastes were of the most refined order. His manners naturally graceful & winning. He had received the polish of the best society. He was gifted in conversation. His nature reflected the true & the beautiful. His sprightly humor & tender pathos stimulated like feelings in the reader; & no of man approached him as a friend without being warmed & reinvigorated by his genial atmosphere.

His style evinced a sound intellect & a true heart. His books, like their author, are healthful & fascinating.

His language was carefully selected & of rare
purity. With high-toned moral sense, he ex-
cluded from his writings everything unchaste
or brutal; he chose such subjects as would
tend to elevate the imagination, correct the taste,
and inculcate virtue. He never shocks the reader
with a coarse expression; no sickly sentimentalism
curls within his pages; no expurgated editions are
required for general inspection. His charming
tales & vivid descriptions delight even the child;
while they afford the critic a feast of humor
or pathos before the morality of the story is exhausted.
Some one has justly remarked that "If any
works of our language are worthy of choice
and bathing, they are those of W. D. Their
grace & exhaustive humor, & pure & natural
strain of feeling deepening into pathos make
them eminently household works - works to
be read by the fireside or in the calm of
summer twilight, always cheering & soothing in their
influence, & conveying strengthening & instructive
lessons which the mind is always ready to
receive." "As a satirist he is unrivaled beyond
Horace, & in his irony there is no tinge of
bitterness."

Washington Irving was born in the city of N.Y.

on the 3rd of April 1783 a year memorable in our history as the end of the Revolutionary struggles, & the advent of practical freedom. Though of humble parentage, he was honorably descended from the famous Iruys of the Orkney Isles. He was the youngest of 11 children but destined to outlive them all in the firmament of history.

He enjoyed but small educational advantages his schooling being limited to the first 16 years of his life; — I would rather say, he had such an aversion for study, that at that age, he rashly determined to take the matter into his own charge, & quit the schoolroom. He was therefore, one of the oldest members of a class known as the self-taught men of America.

He brought back to the English readers the purity of diction & pleasant humor of their own Addison. & enriched it with all the best pathos of Goldsmith. He dissipated the arch-dramatic style of the age & replaced it with a healthier literature.

Byron had succeeded in making crime romantic & misery itself attractive. — Irving's praiseworthy honorable & good-natured satire popular.

But there is an important something lacking in this picture of domestic life & we already suspect the reason; for Washington Irving was a confirmed bachelor. To answer this question why he never married, is to reveal the most touching passage & tender regret of his life — his early love.

That seducery was not his choice, secure or want. For when yet a young man, he was engaged to Miss Hoffman, a beautiful & accomplished young lady to whom he was ardently attached. Her early death was a deep & lasting sorrow that cast an unmistakable shadow over all his after life. Men usually forget such griefs, or at least time dissipates their potency, & heals the wound. But Irving's grief was not obliterated by the lapse of years, nor his affection lessened for the loved & ~~lost~~ ^{lost} ^{his} ^{private} note book was written, "She died in the beauty of her youth & in my memory she will ever be young & beautiful."

What we have called this his secret for Irving never obtruded his sorrow upon the notice of others, never breathed it even to his most intimate friend.

Locked in his own breast it remained, a well of sweet & bitter fancies, to soften & refine all his earthly life & constantly to remind him of one who waited his coming from a world of immortal youth. He kept her bible & prayer book with him as long as

he lived & their well known & justified how

faithfully he had used & loved his

Mrs. Putnam on his deathbed saying
"that a miniature of a young man, intellectually refined
& beautiful, was handed to me today by Dr. King
with the request that I should have a slight
improvement by an artist's hand made for it,
the old one being actually unusable for much use."

When returned in a new frame, Dr. King took the
picture to a quiet corner of his study, upon the
face for some minutes, his face glowing freely
upon the glass as he gazed.

It is not strange to suppose that this was a
picture of Miss W. H. Putnam. Can we doubt that he had in mind this same
friend when he wrote that beautiful passage &
beautiful passage in "The March of the World" regarding —

"There are things that I have loved as I never shall love
again in this world — that have loved me as I never again
shall be loved."

His life terminated as he had wished —
active to the last then hidden forever by the drop —
curtain of death. Morning after morning
he had spent in his quiet study, patiently
writing out the life of the Peter Paul, whose
bleeding he had pierced in infancy, & whose

name he bore. Evening after evening had he gathered his little family about him, & played at social games, or recited some unpublished legend for their entertainment. The life of Washington was nearly finished; — the life of Buckingham was drawing to its close. Hour by hour the final chapters piled beneath the strokes of his still vigorous pen — hour by hour the unseen Sangel was making his the closing entries in his record on earth. At length the work was complete — the work contemplated for 30 yrs. was done — he laid down his well-worn pen never to be resumed, & in his own prophetic words "he was shutting up his doors & windows, & getting ready to go." On the afternoon of 18 of Nov. 1859 he called his household around him, ^{to witness} (by the window that looked westward) to behold one of the most gorgeous sunsets he had ever seen. It fell upon his weary face with such a soft & sweet gleam of heaven; for it was his last sunset on earth. That night ^{he} wrote of his life at Lummiside. The next morning he awoke in the full sunlight of eternal day. So passed away one of the purest & noblest lives that have ever blessed mankind. But he left the world, ringing in his light & the notes go throbbing down the golden sun-broken waves. The world takes up the song, & in its

varied passages shall many a happy soul
express its joy - shall many a sorrowing
heart lift up to God the burden of its grief,

W 53 Wk. W. B. Barne

gratified he need look for nothing from B. 1
her but scoldings & fault finding. he B.
goes back to his books & increases his
dr. by a draft telling himself that if they

April Mrs Jarrod Casaner. (J. Currier)
Miss Susan B. Hallett. (E. B. F.)
" Eunice Barney. (J. A. F.)
Lucie Starbuck. (B. 1-7)
Mrs. Catharine " "
" Baynard. "
Miss Harriette Macy & Alice.
Mrs Clark & mother.
Susan Coffin.
Lizzie Wyer & mother
Sabrah B. Thinslow
Lillie Luce Mrs. Chas B. Emain
Macy children Emma Fisher
Mr & Mrs J. B. Macy ~~parents~~ "
Mrs. Isaac " "
Mr & Mrs Fred A. Chace
Susan Paddock & Meline
Aunt Maria & Charles Perry.
{ Susan Hickey }
Lois Wyer & Mary Eliza Starbuck
Mr & Mrs Elisha Fisher
Emma Nickerson & Hattie Wm es.

Ed. Ames Sarah & Mary
Harris - Harriette Calder. Mary B. Swift
Mr & Mrs. McCane. Fred, Edgar & wife
James Gibbs, Mary Eliza

care
2. The
3. "
4. " on
clear
5. To go
6. At
Fall
7. The
8. The
9. The
10. "
11. The
12. The
it
13. The
14. The
15. "
16. The
17. The
18. "
19.

20. Who were the "Knights of the Round Table"?
21. " was Charlemagne?
22. What does Chaucer say about "Chaucer's Dream" & the "Book of the Sleepers"?
23. Give source & description of "House of Fame".
24. What later poet wrote an imitation of the "House of Fame"?
25. Give source & description of "Legend of Good Women".
26. Give " " " " "Troilus & Criseide".
27. What is literary rank of - " "
28. " other Eng. poet has written a poem with same title?
29. Sketch the general plan of "Canterbury Tales".
30. In what meter are they written?
31. How many tales?
32. How many personages in the company of pilgrims?
33. Name them.
34. What classes of society do they represent?
35. How many tales or stories did each agree to relate?
36. Did Chaucer write all that were promised?
37. How many are given?
38. Name the personages who relate them.

39. Are all the stories told in verse?

40. From what sources did Chaucer derive the general plan of this work?

||| Vide Shaw's Manual of Eng. Lit.

1. Into The Chivalric & The Renaissance-

2. That written after reign of Feudalism - during age of Chivalry & related to three different epochs of middle ages. To tales of Arthur & his court - The Amadises &c. same as Round Table. & court of Châlons.

3. The Renaissance Lit. was the revival of classical lit. in Southern Europe - about the beginning of 14th century to first half of 16th.

4. It is probable that Chaucer sympathized with Wicliffe's hostility to the monastic orders & abhorrence of the corruptions of the clergy; but did not share in the theological opinions of the reformer. Then regarded as a dangerous heretic. It is probable Chaucer remained faithful to Catholicism, while attacking with irresistible satire the abuses of the Catholic ecclesiastical administration.

5. The Canterbury Tales really belong neither to The Chivalric nor Renaissance period but seem

to stand by themselves.

6. Toward The last of his life.

7.

8. Was the first great Eng. poet.

9. *Roman de la Rose* - Court of Love
The Flower & the Leaf. Boke of the Shipheers.

Assembly of Birds - Cuckoo & Nightingale.

Chaucer's Dream - House of Fame.

10. Legend of Good Women - Troilus & Criseyde
Indolence and Acre.


11. The *Roman de la Rose* is a trans. of a famous
fr. allegory - "*Le Roman de la Rose*" which forms
the earliest monument of Fr. Lit in 13th century.
The original is of inordinate length written by
two very different authors. Begun by Guillaume
de Lorris who completed 5000 lines & continued
after his death by the witty & sarcastic Jean de
Meung who having died in 1318 was nearly
the contemporary of Chaucer. The portion by Lorris
has great poetical merit - much invention of
incident - vivid character painting & picturesque
descriptions. It was then highly admired &

very popular. The continuation by Meun is more in a satirical spirit & abounds in what was then regarded as most audacious attacks on religious-social order - the court & female reputation.

According to old practice it is in form of a dream or vision & the allegorical personages as - Hain - Felony - Prance - Lorraine & are of the same kind as speechy figures in practical romances of the age. Lover. The hero is alternately aided & frustrated in his undertakings - the principal one being to quell the enchanted rose which gives its name to the poem - by a multitude of beneficent or malignant personages - as

Bel-accueil - Faux-Semblant - Danger-Mal-Bouche & Constrained-Abstinence. Chaucer's trans. which is in ^{the} octosyllabic Trouvère measure of the original, consists of 7699 verses - includes the whole of *Louis* & a sixth of Meun's. The translation gives constant proof of Chaucer's ear for metrical harmony.

12. The first romances were a monstrous assemblage of histories in which truth & fiction are blended without probability: a comp. of amorous ideas adventures & the extravagant ideas of chivalry. (Eneyd.)
"A tale of extraordinary adventures, fictitious &

often extravagant - usually a tale of love or war
subjects interesting the sensibilities of the 
or the passions of wonder & curiosity.

13. The Court of Love - a poem written in
stanzas of 7 lines - each line having ten syllables. 175th
rhyming - 2nd, 4th, & 5th & again 6th, 7th. It is written in
name of Philagenet of Cambridge - Clerk. who is dis-
sected by Mercury & appear at the Court of Venus
(From this some supposed Chaucer meant
himself & that he studied at Cambridge which
is highly improbable.) Then follows a description
of Castle of Love where Admetus & Alceste preside
as 16. 17. Philagenet is then led by Philobone to
the Temple where he sees Venus & Cupid & where
oath of allegiance & obedience to 20 commandments
of Love is administered to the faithful. Here is
then presented to Lady Rosalind with whom he has
already fallen in love in a dream. Then follows a
description of the courtiers two of whom Golden & Ladder
Love again borrowed from "Eros & Anteros" of
Platonic philosophers. The most curious part is the
celebration of festival of Love on May day when an exact por-
ty of Catholic Matins service for Trinity Sunday is chanted
by various birds in honor of the God of Love.
14 - The Romance speech was a decomposition of

Classical Latin div. into 2 circles - *Langue-d'oïl* & *Langue-d'oil* - one N. of Loire - other S. Former: L. & Prov. closely resembling Spanish & Italian was called Provençal. (The *Langue-d'oil* was parent of the French).

15. The Trouvères were Normans & Troubadours.

(Provençals.) Trouvère & Troubadour are two forms of same word pronounced respectively by people who spoke *Langue-d'oïl* or *Langue-d'oil*. The Trouvère lit. is in narrative style & hence required more thought & literary culture, so most of this lit. is traced to the ecclesiastical profession. While the Troubadour lit. is formed of more lively lyric & satiric effusions & was the production of knights - princes & ladies.

16. "The Assembly of Birds" is a poem very much like "The Court of Love." Represents a debate before the Parliament of Birds for the settlement of claims of eagles for a beautiful fennel (fennel or hen) of the same species. The principal incidents are drawn from a fabliau to which Chaucer has alluded in another place.

17. Taken in verse in 1291 & sent by Thomas, rather a ludicrous

Love songs & poetry written by

18. "The Cuckoo & The Nightingale" is one of the most charming of this class of Chaucer's poems. It is a controversy between the two birds - the former always being regarded by poets & allegorists of the Middle Ages as the emblem of profligate celibacy while the nightingale was the type of constant & virtuous conjugal love. In this Chaucer has shown his exquisite sensibility to the beauties of the exterior of nature & especially the songs of birds.

19. "The Flower & The Leaf": An allegory related in form of a chivalric & pastoral adventure. A lady smote & sleep wanders out, on a spring morning to the forest. & seats herself in an arbor, listening to the songs of the Goldfinch & the nightingale. Her reverie is interrupted by the approach of a band of ladies in white & garlanded with laurel, agnecastus & woodbine. They sing a roundel with their queen but are interrupted by sound of trumpet & nine armed knights followed by a splendid train of cavaliers & ladies. These forest for a horn & then approach the first company & each knight leads a lady to a laurel & white. They make obeisance. Another band of ladies now approach. Habited in green & white & white & white

homage to a tuft of flowers while their leader
sings a barqalet for pastoral song in honor
of the daisy "si doue est la Marguerite." The
sports are broken off first by sun which
withers all the flowers, & then by a tempest
which the ladies ^{knights} in green get drenched
while those in white take refuge under the laurel.
The queen & ladies in white come forth the queen band
& the whole retire to sup with the white - the
nightingale as they pass flying down & perch
upon the hand of the white queen & the gold-
finch upon the wrist of the queen. Then comes
an explanation of the allegory. White queen &
her party represent Chastity. Knights - the
9 worthies. The cavaliers crowned with laurel
= the knights of the Round Table, the Peers of
Charlemagne & the Knights of the Garter, & white
order having lately been founded the poet
wished to pay a tribute. The queen's train in green
= Flora & the followers of sloth & idleness.
In general the flower typifies vain pleasure &
the leaf industry.

21.

22. "Chaucer's Dream" & the "Boke of the Duchess" were long confounded together, but are really two distinct works. Their similarity consisted in their being written in the octosyllabic iambic measure & in their referring to John of Gaunt, Chaucer's friend & patron, & also the marriage of that nobleman to Blanche heiress of Lancaster. He bore then the title of Earl of Richmond, was married to his cousin in 1359 & the Duchess dying ten yrs. after he married in 1378 to Constance daughter of Peter the cruel of Spain. Both poems are allegorical & allude obscurely to the courtship of John of Gaunt & his grief in the person of the Black Knight. There are allusions in the "Dream" to Chaucer's own courtship.

23. "The House of Fame" combines brilliant description with laughing & humor. Written in Iambic

(Consider the form of dream or vision)

⁽¹⁾ measure & gives a striking picture of Temple of Glory crowded with aspirants for immortal renown & adorned with statues of poets & historians, also the "House of Rumor" thronged with pilgrims, pardoners, sailors, &c. The temple though originally borrowed from the Metamorphoses of Ovid exhibits in its architecture & adornment a strange mixture of pagan antiquity & Gothic details of mediaeval cathedral that strikes us in the illuminated MSS. of 14 century.

24. P & M. "Temple."

25. Legend of Good Women supposed to be one of Chaucer's latest. Written as a sort of amende honorable for his having translated the "Roman de la Rose" of Jean Meun. Though the matter is trans. from & for most part fr. the Heroides of Ovid - The coloring is entirely Catholic & mediaeval. The misfortunes of heroines of ancient story are related like "Legends of The Saints." & Cleopatra & Media are regarded as martyrs of St. Venus & Cupid. Poet's original intention was to write legends of 19 celebrated victims of the tender passion but we have only of Cleopatra - Thisbe, Alce, Hypsipyle - Media - Lucretia - Ariadne - Philomela & Phyllis. The poem is in ten-syllable heroic couplets - The rhymed heroic measure. One notices a few dull anachronisms

as the introduction of canon at battle of Actium.
26. "Ivilius & Cresida" is placed nearest The Cant. Tales.
The source from which the materials are drawn is Boccaccio's poem of Filostrato. The story has been traced to Guido di Colonna, & to the mysterious book - Triphos of the equally mysterious author Lollius. Some of the names as Ivilius - Pandarus - Cresida are borrowed from the Iliad. They figure differently here - principal action being the love of Ivilius for his cousin - her ultimate infidelity the immoral subservience of Pandarus. All details bear stamp of middle-class society. Chaucer has adhered frequently to the original text & has the mischievous Italian stanza of 7 lines. But he has shown himself superior to his original in the conduct of the story - his morality was far higher than his contemporary's.
27. Nearest to The Canterbury Tales.

28. Shakespeare

29. "The Cant. Tales" - This can be separated into two parts - first The prologue representing the pilgrims when assembled the night before they start - their characters - the adventures of the journey & comments on the tales they relate or second The tales themselves viewed separately.

The poet starts to visit the shrine of Thos. à Becket at the Cathedral of Canterbury. On the night before leaving London he stops at an inn where he finds others bound upon the same journey.

The poet proposes to go with them acting as a guide & they all abide by his decisions. He proposes for each to relate stories (as the journey will occupy one day to go & one to return) each is to tell two each night & whoever tells the best is to dine at the inn. As the journey would occupy one day to go & 16 to return Chaucer proposed to relate the adventures of the journey out, the shrine & places of interest met to be described then the return. The farewell supper at the Tabard & the dissolution of the pleasant company -
Stump Bailey proposed for each to relate two folk songs & that he who should be adjudged to have related the best should sup at the common cost. The pilgrims readily consented to their destination & the poem is very incomplete.

35. The stories are all in verse except two ^(the simple) of the Parson & Chaucer's narrative of Melibea & Patience. Those in verse exhibit a variety of metrical forms, from the regular heroic couplet (rhymed) down to the Trouvère Questions & in case of Tale of Gamelyn

Norwic Lambic Pentameter.

The long triac (not syllabic) measure of Old Eng.
popular legend.

St. Thomas à Becket - Archbishop of Canterbury - Saxon
Kero - priest & martyr of Eng. b. 1119 or 1117 in London
assassinated at Cant. Dec 29. 1170. Henry II King.

32. Thirty two including Chaner & The Host,
33. 1. A Knight. 2. A Squire. 3. A Yeoman or
military retainer of free peasant's class, who in
quality of archer accompanied his lord to war. 4.
A Pages. - superior of a nunner. 5, 6, 7, 8. Four
& three Priests attendants upon this lady. 9. A
Monk. handsomely dressed, fond of hunting &
good cheer. 10. A Friar or Mendicant Monk. 11. A
Merchant. 12. A Clerk or Student of Univ. of Oxford.
13. A Sergeant of Law. 14. A Franklin or rich
country Gent. 15, 16, 17, 18, 19. Five wealthy burghers
or tradesmen - who were - A Haberdasher - Carpenter
Weaver - Dyer & a Tapisser or maker of carpets.
20. A Cook or rather Keeper of Cook's shop. 21. A
Shipman commander of a vessel. 22. A Student of Physic.
23. A wife of Bath a rich cloth manufacturer. 24.
A Parson. 25. A Ploughman bro. of preceding. 26.
A Miller. 27. A Reeve - bailiff of the estate of some
landowner. 28. A Manciple or Steward of public house.
29. A Summoner or Summoner - an officer who
summoned before the spiritual jurisdiction those
who had offended against the Canon laws. 30. A
Pardoner or vendor of Indulgences p. Rome. Also
The Host & Chaner himself.
34. Nearly all classes.

35. 7th m. Making in all 128 stories.

36. Iv. 37. Twenty five.

38. Those who told them were - the Knight - Miller -
Reeve - Cook - (he had two but 1st is broken off
abruptly & second - tale of Gamelyn is supposed
to belong to some other author) The Man of
Law - Wife of Bath - Friar - Compaignon
Clerk of Oxford, Merchant - the Squire - tale
unfinished - the Franklin - 2nd Nun - Canon's
Yeoman who joins caravans on journey.
The Str. Pardoner, Shipman, Priores, &
Chaucer having 2 tales, the Monk, Nun's
Priest, Maniple & the Parson. The Canon
& his Yeoman are not of the former comp.
39. All but two - that by Chaucer & that by
the Parson -

40. Like Molière - "il prenoit son bien ou
il le trouvoit", for he borrowed freely from
the fabliaux of the Provencal poets - the legends
of medieval chroniclers & the rich treasury of
early Italian writers - Dante, Petrarch &
Boccaccio.

John Milton -

1641
1686
33

Born in London Dec. 9. 1608 died there
Nov. 8. 1674 His birth place was in Old Bread
street almost beneath the bell of Bow Church
with the meaning of the war of Chapside near
the Monument Tavern, the resort of the Eliza-
bethan poets, not far from Old St Pauls
the tower. His father though a serious man
possessed a Puritanic habit had cultivated by
literature in his leisure & was so skilled in
music that he holds a respectable rank
among the contemporary composers of
madrigals songs & psalms. Milton
thus got only the best in boyhood the
serious & dutiful training of a Puritan
family but was also taught the art
& science of music for which nature
had granted him the ear & passion
& became an accomplished organist.
His father secured for him the best
educational advantages & lost as a boy & as
a man. Milton was severely & consistently
studious. When scarcely 12 yrs old he was
sent to the school of St Pauls, founded
by William Cole in 1572 & then in the
highest repute. His own testimony is con-

influenced by that of his bro. Christopher
that he seldom retired till after 12.
He was able to compose Latin prose & verse
with ease & elegance, was familiar
with Greek & Hebrew & had "no mean
apprehension of the subtleties of Philo-
sophy when at 16 he was entered as a
pensioner at Christ's college, Cambridge.
Though destined for the church he
resolved early in his university career
upon a life of continued study with
no professional aim whatever but
with a view to the ultimate display of
his powers in authorship. For 7 yrs. he
says "I studied the learning & art most
thoroughly taught, approved of all good men
given the having taken what they gave
the master's degree & that with praise".

It is certain however that he led a
life of singular intellectual independ-
ence, that he did not conceal his
disinclination to scholastic sciences that
were still in vogue, that a certain
laughtiness of manner & obstinacy of
temper made him sometimes unpop-
ular within his college & that he was

for a period at variance with the authorities, & incurred the sentence of mutilation. His disgrace must have been brief, since he took high degrees at the regular times. A solemn & almost austere demeanor, a conviction of superior powers, a conscious devotion to great & noble things & a singular moral fastidiousness marked his character. His personal beauty is uniformly mentioned by those who describe his youth as very remarkable.

His light brown hair, parted in the middle fell in curls upon his shoulders. The expression of his clear gray eyes was serene & thoughtful. Though he excelled in manly exercise, his fair complexion, slight figure & innocent life caused him to be styled by his fellow collegians "the lady of Chivets". On quitting the minor

Belf in 1632 he took up his abode in village of Storton, Buckinghamshire whither his father had retired from London. There he spent the next 5 yrs. in "a ceaseless round of study & reading" varied only by occasional visits to the

city for the purchasing books or
taking lessons in music & math.
maths. He stored his mind with
the noblest passages in the ancient
& Italian classics. This minute
accuracy is shown in his marginal
notes on Euripides while his prose
& verse abound in demonstrations
of the great range & variety of his
learning. In this happy interval
between the enforced studies of the
university & the duties of public life he
wrote his exquisite minor poems
the Sonnets to the Nightingale, the
Companion pieces L'Allegro & Il
Penseroso - the masques of Areades &
Corvus & the elegy of Lycidas. None of his
other compositions are so tranquil
& happy in tone or indicate so distinctly
his love of the higher graces of poetry.

Shaw says -

Above the 17. cench towers in solitary grandeur
the sublime figure of John Milton (1608-1674)
It will be no easy task to give even a cursory
sketch of a life so crowded with literary as
well as political activity: still less easy
to appreciate the varied yet all incompara-
ble, impulses in which this mighty genius
has embodied its conceptions. His father
an ardent republican & who sympathized
with the Puritan doctrine, had
gravelled with his relations taken his
own independent part in life taking
the profession of an lawyer & given in
which by industry & unquestioned integrity
he had amassed a considerable fortune.
It was from him the poet inherited his
political & religious sympathies & perhaps
also something of that lofty stern, but
calm & noble spirit which makes his char-
acter resemble that of heroes of ancient story.
The boy gave indications from his early
childhood of the extraordinary intellectual
powers which distinguished him from
all other men. His father frustrated
the designs of Nature by setting aside

the youthful prophet & consecrating him
to the service of the Temple the holy
Temple of patriotism & like Milton enjoy-
ed the rare advantages of an education train-
ing him for the career of letters & the proud
ease with which he collected many specimens
of production of his youthful intelligence
shows that he was well aware that every-
thing proceeding from his pen "had certain
signs of life in it" & mental preservation.
What if other men would have been
pronounced a pardonable vanity in
him was a duty he owed to his own
genius & to posterity. The first efforts of
this impulse & though striking the force of
academic phylusions, exhibit a force of
conception a pure mastery of thought & a
strong organic sense of sacrifice
that widely separate them from
even the matured production of certain po-
etry poets. He left Cambridge in 1632 after
taking his Master's degree & there are many
allusions in his works which prove that
the doctrines & discipline of the University
at that time contained much that was
distasteful to his haughty & uncon-

trolled spirit. His first attempts at poetry
were made as early as his 15th yr. This
sublime "Hymn on the Nativity" in which
may plainly be seen all the characteristics
features of his intellectual nature was written
as a college exercise in his 21st yr. On leaving
University he resided 5 yrs. at his father's place
at Horton continuing his studies with almost
excessive ardor, filling his mind with those
sweet & simple explanations of natural beauty
which are so exquisitely reflected in his
poetry. His studies seem to have embraced
the whole circle of human knowledge -
the lib. & every age & every cultivated lang.
living & dead gave up all its stores of
truth & beauty to this all-embracing mind.
The most arduous subtleties of Philos.
the darkest mysteries of theological learn-
ing were familiar to him. There is no
art, no science, no profession with
which he is not more or less acquainted
& however we may wonder at the ma-
jesty of his genius the extent of his
of his acquirements is no less astounding.
It was during this - the happiest period
of his life that he wrote the more

graceful, fanciful & eloquent of his poems
the pastoral drama - or Masque - of
"Corvus", the lovely elegy on his fr.
King - Lycidas, & in verse & probability
the descriptive genre - L'Alvaro & El
Penseroso. At this epoch his mind
seems to have shown that exquisite
sensitivity & refined, courtly, noble
sentiments which is so faithfully reflected
in these works. At this time he was
very beautiful in person though of a stature
scarcely attaining middle size, but he re-
lates with pride that he was remarkable
for bodily activity & ~~exceeded~~ his address in
of the sword. During the whole of his life
the appearance of the poet was noble
almost ideal; his face gradually exchanged
a childish, seraphic beauty for a lofty
expression of sorrow & sublimity that
which is to be seen in his plumes & old
age. When young he was a type of his own
fanciful, when old of a prophet, a patriot, & a
saint. - In 1638 the poet now - about of
about on his travels in the continent - the
completion of a perfect education. He visited
the most celebrated cities of Italy, France

Switzerland; was furnished with power-
ful introductions & received everywhere
with marked respect & admiration.

Wherever he went the young poet seems to
have given proofs of his profound skill
in English, Italian & Latin verse. He
appears every where to have made the
acquaintance of old & new & most
illustrious for learning & genius. He had
an interview with Epistol, "then grown
old a prisoner in the Inquisition" & he
laid the foundation of solid friendship
with the learned & exalted originally, & an
illustrious house of Senecca, now defunct
- Genera when she was a celebrated
Prof. of Theology; & the noble Mauss the
distinguished poet & friend of poets
who had been the friend of Torquato
Tasso & now

"With open arms received me poet more."
During his residence abroad the young
poet gave proofs not only of his learning
& genius but also of the ardor of his
religious & political enthusiasm, of
hostility to Catholicism & monarchy; & his
anti papal zeal exposed him at Rome

& other places & considerable danger,
even it is supposed of assassination.
The friendships of Milton with illustrious &
foreigners (accomplished) were in some
degree suggested, not by any of
his English & Latin poems. First
in the former lang. he wrote as
well as the majority of contemporary
poets & in the latter his compositions
have never been surpassed by any
modern writer of Satire & so on.

After spending of 15 mos. on the continent
he was abruptly recalled to England by the
first mutterings of that social & political
tempest which was for a time to
overthrow the Monarchy & the Church.
St. John, a patriot & as an insistent an enemy
of episcopacy was not likely to remain a
timid spectator of the momentous con-
flict, he threw himself into the struggle
with all the ardor of his temperament
& convictions: & from this period begins
the 2nd phase of his many-sided life.
His father was dead & Milton now began the
career of a vehement & ardent Puritan con-
servative. He was one of the most pro-

~~John Milton~~ writer of that agitated time
producing works on all the most pressing
questions of the day. Chiefly the advocate
of republican principles in the state he
was the most uncompromising enemy
of the Episcopal Church. His fortune
being small he opened a school in
1640 & among those who became
his pupils only 2 were at all celebrated
his nephews John & Charles Phillips
who have contributed some details to the
hist. of Eng. poetry. The commencement
of Milton's career as a prose writer may
be referred to about the yr. 1641 & it con-
tinued almost without interruption till
the Restoration defeated all his hopes &
left him in blindness, poverty & danger
nothing but the proud consciousness
of having done his duty as a good
citizen & the leisure to devote the
closing part of his life to the comp. of his
sublimest poems & "Paradise Lost" &
"Paradise Regained"

Milton's first prose writings were directed
against the Anglican Church Establish-
ment, but he soon took a very active

part in agitating an important question
involving the Law of Divorce. This was
suggested by his open conjugal infidelity.
His first marriage was an unfortunate
one. In 1643 he was united to Mary
Powell but she soon becoming disgusted
with the austerity of Milton's life, fled
to her father's house & was only recalled
to her husband by a report that he,
having his determination upon the
Legal law was meditating a marriage
with another person - The lady was
given by her husband but the remainder
two years of their marriage were
probably not happy. The finest of all
the prose compositions produced at this
epoch was the *Areopagitica*, an oration
after the antique mode, addressed to the
Parliament of Eng. in defence of the
Liberty of the Press. It is the sublimest
pleading that any age or country has
produced in favor of the great funda-
mental principle of Freedom of Thought
& Opinion. In this as in many other
of his prose works Milton rises
to almost a super human elevation.

eloquence, was put in 1644, about
this time he began his first of Eng.
work he abandoned soon & for its
ineffectiveness he used the subf.
mainly as a vehicle for attacking the
dogma of Catholicism & the religious
authorities.

In 1649 Milton received the
appointment of Latin Sec. to the Council of
State, where his skill in Latin compositions
was employed in carrying on the diplomatic
intercourse between Eng. & other countries
such correspondence being always written
in the universally-understood language of
ancient Rome. In these duties he had
an assistant owing to his already failing
eye sight; this loss of sight became total
in 1652 the disease that caused it 10.10
having appeared some ten yrs before -

This defect even from early youth had been
debate. In his intense devotion to study he had
greatly overtasked them. In one of his notable
Pinnacles he alludes to his loss of sight which
he proudly attributes to his having overtasked them
in defence of truth & liberty.

Milton's most celebrated controversy was that with
Salmasius (de Saumaise) on the subf. of right

of Eng. people to make war upon, & electrons,
& to decapitate their King on grounds of his
attempts to infringe the Constitution in
violation of which he reigned. The misfortunes
& tragic death of Charles I. naturally excited in
the minds of foreigners at that time some-
thing of same horror & alarm as execution of
Louis 16. afterwards spread throughout
Europe; & the eccentric Christians of Sweden
employed de Saumaise one of the most
learned men of that day, to compile what
may be called, a ponderous Latin pamphlet
- invoking the vengeance of Heaven upon
the regicide of Parliament &c. Milton replied
in his *Defensio Populi Anglicani*, maintain-
ing the right & justifying the conduct of his
countrymen. His invectives are not less violent
than those of his antagonists, his Latin is not
less elegant, but the controversy is as little honor-
able to the one & the other combatant. The
tone of literary warfare was then coarse &
ferocious: in their vehemence of mutual
vituperation these two great Scholars descended
to personal abuse, in which exquisite
language forms but a poor excuse for
brutal violence.

Among his prose works are his "Apology for
Sincerely yours" - (the strange title being
a kind of anagram composed of the
initials of its authors) in which he
defends the conclusions of that famous
pamphlet, other treatise such as "The
Reform of Church Government Urged against
Prelacy" - "A Ready & Easy Way to Establish a
Sound Commonwealth", show from their
titles the nature of their subjects. What is most
interesting in these controversial writings is
the astonishing grandeur of eloquence to which
he occasionally rises in these outbursts of en-
thusiasm that intermingled with direct mat-
ters frequent notices of his personal feelings,
striving mode of life, which in his eagerness
to defend himself against calumnious attacks on
his moral character, he has frequently inter-
spersed. Both his "Propaganda" & his ~~Plan~~
pamphlet against Prelacy contain a most
glorious epitome of his studies, his projects.
These works & his literary aspirations. Beside
these works is his curious "Tractate of Education".
In this he has drawn up a beautiful but
entirely Utopian scheme for remodelling
the whole system of training & educating

mark

to something like the antique pattern.

When the Restoration ^{in 1660} begins the last the most gloomy & the 'most glorious' of the poet's career. He had attracted special particular reverence the character of Chas. I, but he was excepted, together with all those who had taken any share in the trial & execution of the King, from the general amnesty. He was imprisoned, but liberated after a confinement of some 'mos.

From this period till his death he lived in close retirement, busily occupied in the composition of P.R. & P.R. Former was finished in 1665 & had been his principal employment for about 7 yrs. The companion epic as well as the noble & pathetic tragedy of Samson Agonistes, are attributed to ca. 1671. || On 8 of Nov. 1674 Milton died at age of 66 & was buried at Cripplegate churchyard. He had been thrice married, 1st Mary Powell by whom he had 3 daus. all of whom survived him but the current idea that they read to him & wrote under his dictation seems the false as there are documents proving them to have been almost entirely deaf.

not educated. His 2nd wife Katharine Wood-
cock he married in 1656 but although
a far happier union was of short
duration she dying in 2 yrs later. He
married for 3rd time at advanced age
75³⁵ probably with a view to receiving
the care which his helpless state so
much required. The lady was Elizabeth Minshull
who was much younger than the first
whom she survived.

Milton's lit. career dir in 3 great periods
that of his youth that of his manhood
& that of his old age. During the 1st
of these periods fr. 1623 to 1640 he per-
formed the principal poetical works
marked by a graceful, tender character
or miscellaneous outp. During 2nd he
was chiefly occupied with prose controver-
sies. You can see him slowly elaborating
Paradise Lost P.R. & Samson Agonistes.

His poetry is like his own era - a
consummate type of concision, uniting the
serene yet sensuous beauty of classical sculpture
with the ideal & abstracted elevation of Christian
art. During the reign of Elizabeth & James I. there
was a peculiar species of lit. known
as entertainment.

as the "Masque" of which Ben Jonson & other
 poets had produced such fine examples.
 It was reserved to Milton to equal the great
 poets who had preceded him in the elegance
 & refinement which characterize this kind
 of half-dramatic half-lyric comp.
 & while he far surpassed them in lofti-
 ness & purity of sentiment they had ex-
 hausted their courtesy & scholar-like
 fancy in inventing elaborate compli-
 ments to some of the most worth-
 less & contemptible of princes. Milton
 communicated to what was a more
 vehicle of or elegant adulation a pure
 lofty ethical tone. The Masque of Comus
 was written & he performed at Ludlow
 Castle in the presence of the Earl of Bridg-
 water, an accomplished nobleman & one of
 the most powerful personages of his time.
 His dau. & sons had lost their way in
 the woods while walking out of this
 simple incident Milton created the most
 beautiful pastoral drama that has hith-
 er been produced. The plot is exceedingly
 simple rather lyric than dramatic.
 The frequent descriptions of rural

her effects have the richness, the accuracy, & the
fancifulness of Fletcher, of Johnson or of Shakspeare himself. The general character of this
production Milton undoubtedly borrowed
from Fletcher's Fairchild Shepherdesse, from
Johnson's Masques & probably also from
the same Italian sources as had suggested to
those poets the general tone of pastoral alle-
gory. But in elevation, purity & dignity Mil-
ton has surpassed his predecessors.

The pastoral elegy - Lycidas was a tribute
of affection to the memory of his friend Ed-
mund King lost at sea on a voyage to Ireland
when he was about to undertake the duties
of a clergyman - In the general tone of the
poem Milton imitated those Italian
models with whose scholar-like & elaborate
spirit he was so deeply saturated. In this
the poet has shown that our mother
speech, though naturally harsh & rugged,
may be made even of the softest
melody of the Italian Lyre. The two poems
descriptive poems L'Allegro & Il Penseroso
the one the complement & counter-
part of the other seem to need classing
under one head. There is hardly an aspect of

mark
of external nature, beautiful or sublime,
terrible or smiling, which is not expressed
here: In the Allegro of the poet describes scenery
& various occupations as contemplated by a
man of joyful & cheerful temperaments
in the Penseroso not dissimilar object
viewed by a person of serious, melancholy
& studious character.

The Italian poems of Milton are chiefly
sonnets & exhibit the same acquaintance
with the form & spirit of that species of
composition, though perhaps perhaps perhaps
much equal as the Latin works.
The author always seems to think &
feel as well as write in the language he
employs. Milton transported to his native
country the Italian sonnet in its high
at home. His sonnets are hardly ever
on the subject of love; religion, patriotic
domestic affection are his themes.

The 4 great Epic Poets of the world if we may
so call them without interference of respecting
by symbolize the 4 great phases of high manhood.
Homer is the poetical representation of the
boyhood of the human race - Virgil of its
manhood These 2 typify the glory &

greatness of the antique world. As exhibited
 under its 2 most splendid forms - the
 heroic age in Greece & the majesty of the
 Roman empire. Christianity is the
 culminating fact in the hist. of man-
 kind. As of the antique world it produced
 2 great epic types so did Christianity
 Dante & Milton. Dante representing
 the poetical side of Catholic - Milton of
 Protestant Christianity.

The Paradisiac Loeb was originally composed
in 10 bks but was afterwards edited & re-
made it. The peculiar form of Hawk verse
in which this as well as P.R. was written
was if not originated by Milton at least
first employed by him. The descriptions
of the fallen angels, the splendours of the por-
tals of Hell, the ideal yet natural loveliness
of Paradise, exhibits not only a perception
of all that is awful, sublime, or attractive
in landscape or natural phenomena but
the power of overstepping the bounds of our
earthly experience & so realizing scenes
of superhuman beauty & horror that
they are presented to the reader's eye
with a vividness, rivalling even memory.

mark

In the personages & characters of Adam & Eve
he has solved perhaps the most difficult
problem presented by his undertaking
that of representing two human beings
in a position which no other human
beings ever did or ever can occupy -
There is nothing more admirable than
the intense dynamism with which Milton
has clothed them; while at the same time
they are truly ideal impenetrations of
love - innocence & worship.

The companion whole poem is crowded
with examples of the tendency of the poet
of idealizing which no poet ever possessed
in equal degree.

The intellectual & moral qualities of a
great man are attractions not easily over-
looked; and we can hardly serve others or
ourselves more, than by recalling to him
the attention, which is scattered among
inferior topics. - (W. E. Channing)

His Propaganda or a Speech for the Liberty of
Unlicensed Printing. His Reformation in Eng.

Reason of Church Government are most important
theological treatises published during his life. They
were his earliest productions of prose comp.
thrown off with much haste - von Schlegel
accounts of the chargeable with defects & etc.
than any other of his writings. But with
all their defects they abound with rich & variety
thought & in power of expression.

To many he seems only a poet, when in
truth he was a profound scholar, a man
of vast compass of thought imbued thoroughly
with all ancient & modern learning, and
able to mould & master to mould, to improve
not with his own intellectual power, his gifts
& various acquisitions. Tristram had that uni-
versality which marks the highest order of intellect.
Though accustomed almost from infancy to
dwell at the fountains of classical life he had
nothing of the pedantic & fastidiousness, which
~~disturbs~~ disturbs all other draughts.

The natural philosophy, metaphysics, ethics,
high theology, & political science, of his own & former
times, were familiar to him. Never was there
a more unconfined mind - His fame rests

chiefly on his poetry. In delineating Milton's character as a poet one are saved the necessity of looking far for its distinguishing attributes. His manner is almost identical with sublimity. He is in truth the sublimest of poets.

P.L. The 2 first Bks. (clara), by universal consent, preeminent in sublimity. Hell & Hell's King have a terrible harmony & dilate into most grandeur & awfulness, the large one contemplates them. From one infinitesimal, "solid & liquid fire" the poet has framed a world of horror & suffering such as imagination had never dreamed of. Hell unfolds the spirit which it imprisons. The intensity of its fires reveals the intense passions & remorse vehement will of Satan. The mind archangel gathers into himself the sublimity of the scene which surrounds him. There is too an indefiniteness in the description of Satan's person, which excites without shocking the imagination & aids us in forming our conception to reconcile, of him, a human form with his superhuman efforts. attributes. BK. I. L. 192-96
9 line 221-224.

From hell we fly to Paradise, a region as
lonely as hell is terrible & which, to those who
do not know the immensity of the genius, may
appear doubly wonderful. When considered
as the creation of the same mind, which had
painted the infernal world. It is the contrast
of this deep place of Paradise with the storms
of life, which gives to the BKG of this poem
a charm so irresistible that one would
sooner relinquish the first 200s. with all
their sublimity than part with these.

Like Michael Angelo in whose hands
the marble was said to be flexible he bends
our language, which foreigners reproach with
hardness into whatever forms the subject
demands. All the treasures of sweet &
obscure words are at his command. Words
hard & discordant in the writings of less gifted men
flow through his poetry in a full stream
of harmony. This power (is not to be over-
stated) - 11) ~~attributed~~ to Milton's musical ear.
of belonging to the soul.

His English proves that he understood thor-
oughly the joyous aspects of nature, & in his Descriptions
the saddest views which he took of creation
are such as inspire only pensive musing or lofty

contemplation. - His moral character

was as strongly marked as his intellectual & it may be expressed in one word, magnanimity. It was in harmony with poetry. He had a passionate love of the higher & more commanding virtues & felt his youthful mind with meditations on the perfection of a human being comes written in his life.

Freedom, in all its forms & branches, was dear to him, but especially Freedom of thought & speech, of conscience & worship. Freedom to seek, profess & propagate truth. The tyranny which he hated most was that which broke the intellectual & moral power of the community.

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